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POLAND AND AMERICA.

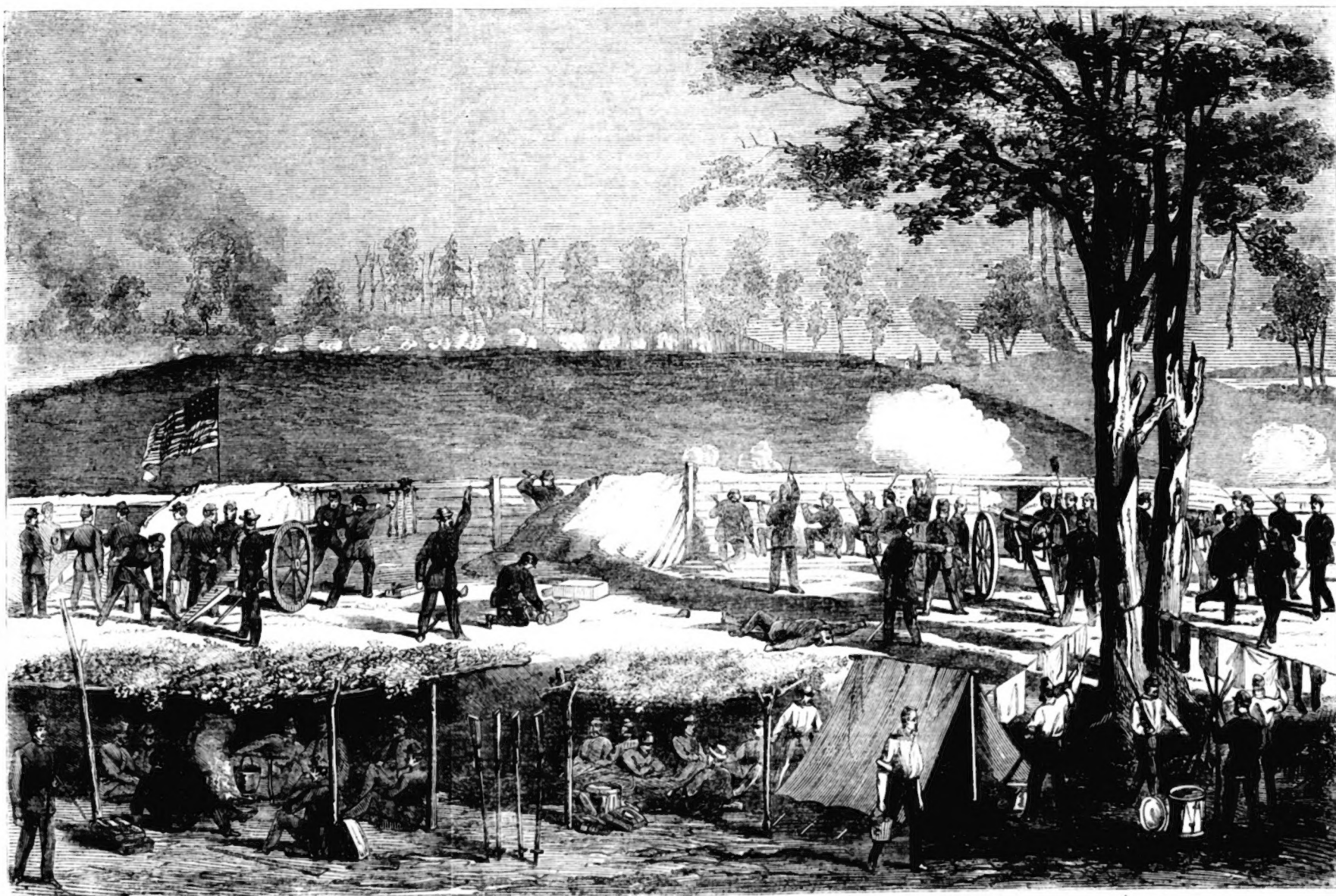
THERE are two processes constantly going on in the material world, which may be described as those of disintegration and reorganisation—that is, the breaking up of old combinations and the formation of new ones. The first of these processes may be accomplished either by mechanical force, or by bringing into contact with the substances forming a mass of matter others for which they have a stronger natural liking than they have for those already in combination with them; but to accomplish the second the several particles must have a true chemical affinity for each other, else no amalgamation takes place. It is no doubt possible to mix elements which have no tendency to coalesce; but no real combination occurs under such circumstances—no new organisation is produced from the disruption of the old. A similar law seems to hold good among nations and races of men. History supplies some cases where different races have amalgamated themselves into one homogeneous whole, the most notable instance being, perhaps, those races which now form the British people; but the process in their case was easier in consequence of the men from whom we are descended being originally of the same stock, and having, therefore, a natural affinity for each other. It is different in other cases. The House of Hapsburg has not yet succeeded, and



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, OF NEW YORK.)

does not seem likely to succeed, in assimilating the Italians and Hungarians to the Germans of their original duchy; the Rhenish provinces of Prussia are said to be still much more French than they are Teutonic; and it may even be doubted whether the Irish have in any true sense become Britons.

The most striking case, however, of this repugnance of race to race is that of Russia and Poland. The disintegration of Poland began in 1772, and has been repeated at various intervals since; but though during the last ninety years Russia has been labouring either to assimilate the Poles to herself or to exterminate them, she has as yet done neither. The Poles are still as much Poles and as little Russians as they were when Catherine II. grasped the bulk of their country, and threw a bribe in the shape of Posen and Galicia respectively to Prussia and Austria to induce them to acquiesce in the most monstrous piece of spoliation that has been perpetrated in modern times. Wholesale butcheries again and again repeated, deportations of whole families on a gigantic scale, draughting off the youth of the land to be "expended" in the armies of the oppressor in distant and uncivilized regions, have all failed to crush the national life out of Poland; and the Czar has now the process to commence anew, with as little prospect of success as ever. Poland is still the great difficulty of



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—SHERMAN'S ATTACK ON THE CONFEDERATE WORKS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. D. SCHENCK.)

Russia and of Europe. The Poles are still, in 1863, as fiercely and as determinedly the foes of Russia as they were when their soil was first partitioned in 1772, as when they flocked to the standard of Napoleon in 1812, and as when they rose in desperate rebellion in 1831. The resources of force and fraud have been in vain exhausted in the effort to subdue them. Might not a different result have been obtained had different means been employed? Might not conciliation have succeeded where force has failed? It is difficult to tell, and may well be doubted. There seems to be a radical repugnance between the two peoples which, perhaps, no course of conduct on the part of the dominant one could have eradicated. At all events, Russia seems bent upon once more repeating her old measures. Will she succeed better in the future than she has in the past? We do not believe she will; and therein lies the germ of continual disquiet to Europe.

As we anticipated, the Czar has substantially rejected the propositions of the three Powers, for we cannot regard as other than empty words the declaration that the Emperor has already either decreed or designed all the measures proposed to him. Nor is the barren admission made by Prince Gortschakoff of the right of the parties to the Treaty of Vienna to put their own interpretation on that document of more value, accompanied as it is by the declaration that, whatever interpretation others may put upon that treaty, Russia is determined to act upon her own. The proposals for an armistice and a congress are summarily rejected, as we expected they would be. In fact, Prince Gortschakoff's despatch leaves the question exactly where it was. He concedes nothing, he really admits nothing, and he promises nothing. In substance, he tells the three Powers to mind their own affairs, and to leave Russia to suppress the revolt in Poland in her own way, and then to deal with the Poles as she thinks fit. Of what nature that dealing will be is pretty clearly indicated by past history and current events. So far, diplomacy has accomplished nothing for Poland. Will further diplomatizing be more successful? and if not, are other missiles to be employed when despatches and protocols have been fired off in vain? And, should the soldier be called in to settle this everlasting Polish imbroglio when the diplomat steps aside, will he be more successful than the negotiator? Supposing—which is not at all likely—that the three great Powers, aided, as they might be, by sundry lesser ones, should agree to coerce Russia into relinquishing her hold on Poland, they might succeed so far; but could they resuscitate the Polish kingdom in such strength and with such resources as to enable it to hold its own in the future? We doubt it much. The whole question is beset with difficulties. In the first place, which provinces are to be reckoned Polish, and which not? Many of the provinces which were once included in Poland were so because they had been conquered, not peopled, by the Poles; and the inhabitants of these provinces have ceased to have anything in common with their ancient masters, either as regards their social state, their character, their religion, or their laws. Again, how are Poles to be distinguished from Ruthenians, and Ruthenians from Russians, by mere geographical lines? These several races are mixed together, as wheat may be mixed with barley; but, though they are not amalgamated, can they be separated and each joined to its own stock? We fear the task is too great to be even attempted by thoughtful men, much less accomplished. To restore Poland to an independent nationality would no doubt be a great achievement; but how is it to be accomplished? Only, we fear, after a general war, and by a complete rearrangement of the map of Europe. To light such a conflagration may be an easy task; to extinguish it again would be a very difficult one; and we sincerely trust the work will not have to be performed in our day. Altogether, this Polish question is a very ticklish one; and, to avoid the many pitfalls with which it is surrounded, craves wary walking indeed.

Turning to America, we there see the process of disintegration begun, if not completed; but the task of reorganisation has yet to be entered upon. The States are as completely severed in feeling as in fact, and can never again be united in the true sense of the word, or as they originally were—that is, by the bonds of mutual goodwill, interest, and desire. Aversion has taken the place of friendship, hatred has succeeded to brotherly feeling, and mutual injuries and mutual wrongs have begotten a bitterness which it will take long indeed to obliterate. The recent successes of the North, even if they are as great as represented, cannot settle the question or end the war. Late events in Pennsylvania, if they prove anything, only prove what we have believed all along—that neither side can conquer the other. Each, when acting on the defence, is invulnerable; each, when acting on the aggressive, is foiled. The repulse of General Lee at Gettysburg will no more lead to the capture of Richmond than the defeat of McClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, and Hooker led to the capture of Washington. It is impossible, we feel thoroughly convinced, to conquer countries such as either of the two divisions of the late American Union. The area to be overrun and held in subjection is too vast and too varied; the population is too sparse; the positions that may be turned to purposes of defence are too many, and these available for effectually over-awing the population too few. The notion that the capture of Vicksburg, even if that event be followed by the fall of Port Hudson, will open the navigation of the Mississippi, is equally futile. Ships of war might be able to make their way from end to end of that mighty stream; but could unarmed merchant craft do so while both banks, for a considerable portion of the river's course, are in the hands of a hostile people and beset by hostile armies? The notion is absurd; such vessels would be running the gauntlet of con-

tinual attacks, in which a large proportion must inevitably be destroyed. Better, much better, would it be for the North to use its recent advantages to secure a satisfactory arrangement of boundaries, and let the "wayward sisters" which it cannot subdue "go in peace." The navigation of the Mississippi and other streams common to both divisions might be declared free, and placed under the guarantee, not merely of the two Unions, but of the whole world. Every nation on earth has an interest in the freedom of such rivers as the Mississippi; why, therefore, should not that freedom be placed under the guardianship of all? The dream of empire over an entire continent in which Americans indulged has been exploded, as all such dreams have been exploded in the world's history heretofore. Indeed, even could such an empire be formed, it must ultimately fall to pieces by reason of its own vastness. If wise, Mr. Lincoln and his people will accept division as a fact, and bow to a necessity they are powerless to avert. That there are men in America who see this, which has long been patent to observers in Europe, is indicated by the 4th of July speeches of such men as Governor Seymour, of Connecticut. That the bulk of the Northern people, however, will as yet see the matter in the same light is more to be wished than to be anticipated.

GENERAL MEADE.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, the new commander of the army of the Potomac, first saw the light in Spain, about the year 1815, of American parents. His father was at the time of his birth a very wealthy man, and was residing at Barcelona, where the subject of our Engraving, and his brother, Captain Meade, now in command of the Federal ship North Carolina, were born. The two boys were taken to America. One was educated for the navy, which he entered in 1826, and the other for the army. George G. Meade entered West Point Military Academy as an appointee from the State of Pennsylvania during September, 1831, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1833. He was appointed to the army from the district of Columbia, and entered the service as brevet Second Lieutenant of the 3rd Artillery on the 1st of July, 1835. He did not receive his full commission until the 31st of December, 1835, when he was made a full Second Lieutenant. On the 25th of October, 1836, he resigned his connection with the United States' army, and was engaged in private pursuits until 1842. On the 19th day of May, 1842, he was reappointed to the United States military service as a Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. In this capacity he joined the troops engaged in the Mexican War.

His conduct in Mexico was marked by determination and bravery, and at the battle of Palo Alto he was particularly distinguished, and so mentioned in the official reports. During the several conflicts of Monterey (21st, 22nd, and 23rd days of September, 1846) he again became distinguished, and for his bravery was breveted a First Lieutenant, to date from September 23, 1846. This brevet was awarded in May, 1847. During the month of August, 1851, he was promoted to a first lieutenantancy of his corps, and on the 19th of May, 1856, was further promoted to a captaincy.

When the civil war broke out, and President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was raised and placed under the charge of General McClellan, as division commander, and Generals Reynolds, Meade, and Ord, as brigade commanders. General Meade was appointed a Brigadier General of volunteers, with a commission to date from Aug. 31, 1861. He was then placed in charge of the second brigade of that division, and proceeded to organize it at Tenthredin, near the waters of the Potomac, and in this vicinity wintered during 1861-2. When the army of the Potomac began to move upon Manassas, during March, 1862, the division in which General Meade served was attached to the first corps, then under General McDowell. With him they remained north of the Rappahannock until after the battle of Hanover Station, when they were added to the army of the Potomac, occupying part of the right wing, with division headquarters in the vicinity of Mechanicsville. About that time—viz., June 18, 1862—Meade was promoted to a majority in the engineer corps. On the 26th of June, 1862, he took part in the famous battle of Mechanicsville, where General Stonewall Jackson made such a terrific dash upon General McClellan's right wing, and Generals McClellan, Reynolds, and others were taken prisoners. His noble conduct and bravery on this occasion were particularly noticed. The next day he was engaged under General Fitz-John Porter in the battle of Gaines' Mill, and was so distinguished that he was nominated for a brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for distinguished services during that battle. He also took part in some of the subsequent engagements of the seven days' fighting which ended in McClellan taking refuge at Harrison's Landing. At the battle of New Market Cross Roads he was severely wounded; but, under skilful treatment, he recovered, and almost immediately returned to the army, where he took command of the division until the return of Generals McClellan and Reynolds from captivity in Richmond. When the Southern army invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania last year, after the defeat of General Pope's army, General Reynolds, who had commanded the division, was then detached to organize the Pennsylvania Militia, and General Meade was placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves. He led these troops during the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and when, at the latter battle, General Hooker was wounded and had to leave the field, General Meade for a short time had charge of the ninth army corps. After General Burnside had been placed in charge of the army of the Potomac, General Reynolds, who formerly commanded the Pennsylvania Reserves, was ordered to command the whole of the first army corps, and General Meade was formally placed in command of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, he greatly distinguished himself, and his division lost very heavily, the brigade commanders and several field officers being placed hors de combat during the attack on the Southern right. The whole loss of the division was 1624, being the greatest division loss during the whole of that disastrous fight. On the 15th of December, 1862, two days after this battle, he was ordered to command the fifth army corps, formerly under General Fitz-John Porter, and more recently under General Butterfield. To enable him properly to hold that position he was appointed by the President a Major General of volunteers, and was regularly nominated to the United States' Senate during January, 1863. The Senate making certain objections to the list of appointees, it was revised, and General Meade's name again sent in by the President. During March, 1863, the Senate, in executive session, confirmed the appointment, and General Meade took his rank and commission as Major-General of United States' volunteers from Nov. 20, 1862, and assumed the command of the fifth army corps.

When General Hooker was appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac, and reorganised the same, he still continued to retain General Meade as the commander of the fifth army corps. During the advance upon Chancellorsville, General Meade's corps formed part of the right wing of Hooker's army. The corps started on its march on the 20th day of April, 1863, and arrived at Kelly's Ford on the 25th. The next day it crossed the Rappahannock by that ford and the Rapidan by Ely's Ford. It then pushed on to Chancellorsville, where it arrived on the 30th, and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, taking their rifle-pits and temporary works. During the fearful contests of May 2, 3, and 4, General Meade's corps bore its part manfully, and in the end covered the retreat of the whole of Hooker's army.

As our readers are already aware, General Meade was appointed on the 28th ult. to succeed General Hooker as commander of the

army of the Potomac, and so vigorously did he set about the performance of his duty that by the 1st inst. he had come up with General Lee at Gettysburg, and, after three days' obstinate fighting, compelled the Southern leader to retire from the field, and thereby at once relieved Pennsylvania of the Confederate invasion and restored the spirit which a succession of defeats had destroyed in the Federal army.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The partisans of peace and the war party in Paris are equally disappointed with the speech of Lord Palmerston in the Polish debate, who, they had hoped, would have indicated something definite as to the policy he means to pursue, or that at least he would have confirmed the pacific views expressed by Lord Russell. The Poles argue from the noble Lord's speech that the Emperor has some guarantee that England will join him if he goes to war. Among the reports of the day is one that the National Committee have offered the Polish Crown to Prince Czartoryski. The excitement on the question of peace or war is very great in Paris, and it is said so much feeling has not been exhibited since the famous address of the Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador in 1859. War is very popular with the army and a certain portion of the citizens, but the moneyed classes indicate signs of great uneasiness. *La France* warns the public to be on its guard against exaggerations, whether warlike or pacific. "France," it says, "will not act alone, and will not give to a question of European interest the bearing of an individual demand. Hitherto Europe has been against France, in order to maintain the treaties of 1772, with all their consequences. Now Europe is with France, to repair them. Herein lies the best guarantee of peace."

PRUSSIA.

The prosecution of the press by the Government increases in severity. The printer of the German annuals has been warned for admitting an article which said that the majority of the country were opposed to the policy of the Government. The "warning" says that this assertion is false, because the country is represented by the Chamber of Peers as well as by the Lower House. The Municipal Council of Berlin has protested against a warning which has been given by the Prefect of Police to the official organ of that council for publishing a report of the municipal proceedings. The *Gazette of Eastern Prussia*, the *Gazette of Westphalia*, and one or two other papers have received a second warning, and can therefore be suppressed at any moment. In one case a warning is given for a quotation made by the writer from Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix," on the danger of permanent armies. "It is evident," says the warning, "that the only object of the quotation was to throw contempt upon the organisation of the Prussian army." Philosophical books of all kinds are evidently for the present sealed against Prussian editors.

RUSSIA.

Letters received from St. Petersburg speak of another Imperial inspection of the fortifications, batteries, and vessels of war which has just taken place. Public feeling is much excited in Russia, and the belief in an impending war appears to be more strong and general than in Western Europe.

The conscription in the governments of Wilna, Grodno, Kowno, Volhynia, Kiev, and Podolia has been postponed till 1864. Measures will be adopted upon the subject at a future time.

NEW ZEALAND.

The New Zealand papers afford us the details of the murder by the natives of eight soldiers, already announced. On April 27 the Taranaki natives waylaid the military escort, and shot dead and afterwards tomahawked Dr. Hope, Lieutenant Tragett, and six privates of the 57th Regiment. The greatest excitement prevailed, and unless the murderers were given up war was expected.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

The Polish insurgents are still making desperate efforts to maintain the struggle against Russia. The telegrams report engagements under the chiefs Wierzbicki, Jasenski, Chrzepicki, Wawer, and other leaders, in which the Russians were defeated. Count Pasłowski has been shot by order of General Mouraviev; and the same General has confiscated the estates of upwards of five hundred Polish landowners.

Letters from the Ukraine, under date the 2nd, state that in the circles of Vasilkoff, Swienk, Czarkowicz, Orchyn, and others, there is no longer left a single proprietor who is not a prisoner, or a single mansion un plundered. In the encounters with the insurgents the Russian soldiers march to the attack under cover of bands of peasants. The Poles hesitate to fire upon these unarmed men, and are often victims of their own forbearance. A person who describes himself as an eyewitness, gives the following details of one of these encounters:—"After a horrible carnage, there remained about 180 prisoners, exhausted by fatigue, covered all over with wounds, and dying of hunger. The Russian Commandant ordered the peasants to strip these unfortunates of their clothing. The order was rigorously executed. They were stripped to their very shirts and shoes, though they had to walk twenty-eight leagues before reaching Kiev. They were then put in irons, and, completely naked, chained in groups of three to trunks of trees, which they had to drag after them. Among them were some whose condition would have inspired tigers with compassion. There was, for instance, an old man of eighty-three, who had been sold to the Russians for three roubles. He could scarcely breathe, and he looked more like a corpse than a living body. There was a boy of fourteen, who had been caught with arms in his hands, with features livid, his respiration almost gone, his eyes dim and sunk and evidently near his death. These had as comrades of their chains a young surgeon, and when fastening his chains the Russians discovered that one of his arms was broken. The guard wished to bind him only by the other arm, but the commandant would not allow it."

A body of 400 Poles and some Englishmen, on board an English steamer, disembarked, on the 13th, on Wallachian territory, in the neighbourhood of Ismail. The Wallachian authorities tried peaceable means to stop the expedition, which failing, a conflict ensued, and the Poles were defeated, and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded. The whole body subsequently surrendered, and are to be treated as prisoners of war and have rations allowed them.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

MEADE assumed command on the 28th of June; on the 1st of July his advance pushed through Gettysburg, early in the morning, and found the enemy posted in a wood somewhat to the westward of the town, near the Lutheran Theological Seminary. Reynolds, who commanded the Federals, was driven back by a furious cannonade; a charge of infantry in turn repulsed the enemy; and then, as General Reynolds rode forward to inspect the field, a musket bullet struck him in the neck. He cried out "Forward! for God's sake, forward!" and then fell dead. Reinforcements came up on both sides, and the battle grew general; but at last one of those grand charges of infantry on which the Confederates are accustomed to rely for victory drove the Federals back through the town. Thus ended the first day's fighting in the severe discomfiture of the North; but at night two corps reinforced them, and before eleven o'clock General Meade was himself upon the field. He made all his dispositions and quietly waited for what Thursday, the 2nd, might bring forth. His position was a strong one; his army lined the heights to the south of Gettysburg, and his artillery commanded all the neighbouring roads.

The morning of Thursday was singularly bright and beautiful. The gleaming roofs of Gettysburg down in the valley, the woodlands and the orchards, and the water-meadows in which cattle were

quietly grazing, all shone out brilliantly in the sunshine of July. Desultory firing was soon heard, even whilst the dew was still wet upon the grass; but the day wore quietly on until four o'clock, and yet there were no signs of a general engagement. About four, however, the Confederate guns opened fire, and for two hours there was a duel of artillery; but at six this ceased. An awful moment of suspense ensued; the smoke beyond the village was faintly borne to the eastward, and as it passed away dense, dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, were seen advancing at a quick pace. The Confederates, it was plain, were relying upon their old plan, which had proved successful in so many a battle. The charge was magnificent, and for a time overwhelming. With a cheer and a rush they broke the regiments led by Sickles; the second corps was pushed forwards to his aid, but that, too, was scattered and overwhelmed by the terrible onset; and still, as grandly as the English infantry at Albuera, the Confederates pressed up the hill. Complete victory seemed within their grasp, but at this juncture Sedgwick came up with the sixth division, after a march of nearly thirty-six hours. This turned the tide of battle. Meanwhile, however, an equally fierce struggle had been raging on the right wing of the North, where Ewell's troops made a furious onslaught. Soon after ten o'clock ended the fighting of the second day, the South being still the attacking party, the North barely able to hold its own.

The slaughter had been fearful; but still more terrible carnage marked the encounter of Friday, the 3rd. The horrible work began at daybreak. A Federal division, under Slocum, suddenly opened fire, and General Ewell responded with a charge described as the most wonderful of the day for its heroic courage, and for the obstinacy with which it was prolonged. As gallantly, however, the Northern troops resisted, contesting every inch of ground. Again and again the fortunes of the battle seemed to waver. The whole line was engaged; everywhere the Confederates were the assailants, everywhere they did their duty nobly. At eleven o'clock there came a lull, which lasted until two, but at that hour the Confederate artillery suddenly opened a concentrated fire upon Cemetery Hill, which was held by the eleventh and second corps. Spectators had congregated there, but the iron hail was merciless. Down they fell, one of them a young German, with the portrait of a sister in his hand; and the tombstones were crashed and shattered by the shot. The artillery battle had lasted for two hours, when the Southern infantry could again be perceived massing in the woods fronting the centre of the Northern position. The last charge was about to be delivered; it was made, and failed. The third day's fighting was over, and the army of the Potomac, which had so nobly retrieved its reputation the minute it was ably led, retained its ground. The battle was not renewed next day. Quietly and in perfect order Lee led his troops from this awful field. Pursued, he was still strong enough to repulse and rout the pursuer; and, though his position was a difficult one, it is evident that his army was not at all demoralised, but as reliable as ever. The losses in these battles are estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000 on each side; but these figures are probably exaggerated.

SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

After the battle of the 3rd, General Lee retired in perfect order and with all his artillery to Hagerstown and Williamsport, on the Potomac, and proceeded quietly to pass all his wounded, stores, and trains across the river. At the date of our latest intelligence, the 15th, he was posted there in a strong position, awaiting an attack by Generals Meade and Couch; and, as it was asserted that General Beauregard had joined Lee with 40,000 men, his army must be at least equal in numbers to that opposed to him, and superior in point of discipline, as the militia under Couch were only recent levies. He had, besides, the advantage of fighting in a position of his own choosing, whereas at Gettysburg he acted on the offensive upon a position of great strength. In these circumstances, if another battle was fought, the result was considered to be very doubtful. After Lee's retreat from Gettysburg, Buford's and Kilpatrick's cavalry proceeded to Williamsport, where they found the Confederates in force, and, whilst retreating, they were attacked between Hagerstown and Williamsport by a large Confederate force, and the Federals were compelled to cut their way out with the loss of two guns. General French also attempted to reach Williamsport, but was repulsed. There had been a good deal of skirmishing between the hostile armies, and, in an encounter at a place called Boonesborough, the Federals lost upwards of one hundred in killed.

General Dix had abandoned White House, and returned to Fortress Monroe. He had destroyed the Central Railroad bridges, and torn up the track of the Fredericksburg road, and effectually destroyed the communication between Richmond and General Lee's army.

SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

The surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant on the 4th inst. is reported. On the morning of the 4th General Pemberton sent a flag of truce to General Grant and offered to surrender Vicksburg if his men were allowed to march out with the honours of war. General Grant refused, declaring that not a man should leave, except as a prisoner of war. General Pemberton, after a consultation with his officers, surrendered unconditionally. This news is official—communicated by Admiral Porter to the Secretary of the Navy. General Grant had also reported the surrender to the Government at Washington. It is somewhat singular that, though the first notification of the surrender of this important position, which took place, as stated, on the 4th, reached Washington on the 7th, or within three days, no further official details had been received up to the 13th, and that Richmond papers of the 8th continue to express hope that the place would be able to hold out. However, the *New York World* gives the following details of the surrender:—

At eight in the morning of the 3rd the Confederate General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, bearers of a communication from General Pemberton, were led blindfolded into the Federal lines. General Pemberton's letter said:—"Although I feel confident of my ability to resist your arms indefinitely, in order to stop the further effusion of blood I propose that you appoint three commissioners to meet those whom I shall nominate to arrange such terms as may best accomplish the result." General Grant replied:—"The appointment of commissioners is unnecessary. While I should be glad to stop the needless effusion of blood, the only terms I can entertain are those of unconditional surrender. At the same time I and my army are willing to testify to the distinguished gallantry with which the defence has been conducted." In the afternoon Generals Grant and Pemberton met between the lines, and, after an hour's consultation, settled the terms of surrender. General Pemberton urged that his soldiers might be paroled at Vicksburg and furnished with rations to carry them to their lines. In view of the bravery they had displayed, and the advantage of the plan, General Grant consented. The number of prisoners and wounded is said to be 18,000, of whom 12,000 are in fighting condition. The immediate cause of the surrender of the garrison was the exhaustion of supplies and ammunition and the failure of General Johnson to come to their aid.

Another account says that all that has been written about the sufferings of the Confederates in Vicksburg has been but half the truth. There were about 22,000 people in Vicksburg, 10,000 of whom are efficient soldiers. General Grant had determined to assault the place again upon the day following that on which the surrender was made. It is stated that the surrender will give the Federal Government 100,000 troops to be employed in other quarters.

OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

Despatches from Tallahassee of the 8th state that General Bragg's army crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport on the 7th, and destroyed the bridge at that point. Telegrams to the *Richmond Inquirer*, from Atlanta, Georgia, announce that an important movement was taking place in General Bragg's army, but that it was imprudent to mention its nature; also that General Bragg's headquarters were established at Bridgeport, and that the Tennessee River would be the future line of defence. General Rosencrans was advancing in pursuit of Bragg.

The *Richmond Inquirer* of the 6th says:—"Unofficial information by telegraph from Jackson, Mississippi, of this morning states that Generals Megruder and Taylor had crossed the Mississippi at Kenna, ten miles above New Orleans, and were marching on that city;" and, under the heading "Latest," that General Taylor had captured 7000 Federals near New Orleans.

The Confederates had made a cavalry raid in Springfield Landing

whence Banks derives his supplies, and retreated, after destroying the stores. The steamers passing between New Orleans and Port Hudson are fired upon from the banks of the river; and the steamer *Berville* has been disabled in this manner.

Public assemblages, except for public worship, are forbidden in New Orleans without the permission of the Commandant. No more than three persons are allowed to assemble or congregate in the street together. All clubs are closed, and all public houses must close at nine o'clock in the evening. No persons, except the police or military on duty, or such as are provided with passes, are allowed in the street after that hour.

Telegrams from Indianapolis, Indiana, of the 9th report the invasion of that State by 6000 or 8000 Confederates under General Morgan. The Confederates crossed the Ohio at Brandenburg, Kentucky, and took possession of Corydon. Fears are entertained that General Morgan will advance directly upon New Albany and Jeffersonville, where large quantities of supplies are stored. Business was entirely suspended in Indianapolis on the 9th, and the citizens were forming into companies for its defence. Governor Morton had called for 50,000 men to repel the invaders.

The following are the details of an action which had occurred at Helena, Arkansas:—

Between 8000 and 9000 Confederates, under Generals Holmes, Price, and Marmaduke, made an attack on Helena on the morning of the 4th. They advanced in three columns, but the roughness of the ground prevented the rebels bringing up their artillery, and they attempted to carry their works by assault. The centre column charged in the direction of Fort Curtis, and took three lines of rifle-pits. The flank attack was not so successful, which subjected the centre to an enfilading fire which swept them down in great numbers. They were soon surrounded, and one whole brigade, numbering 840, was captured. It was expected that the attack would be renewed.

GENERAL NEWS.

The *New York Herald* has reports from Washington that the question of peace has been informally discussed in the Cabinet, and that Mr. Seward has proposed that the President should revoke his Emancipation Proclamation, suspend the Confiscation Act, and proclaim a general amnesty. Messrs. Chase, Stanton, and Wells oppose the proposition, unless slavery be abolished.

The *Herald* has also information from reliable authority that Mr. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, and the Confederate Commissioner, Mr. Ould, came down the James River on the Confederate gun-boat *Dragon*, under a flag of truce, requesting permission to present in person an important communication from President Jefferson Davis to President Lincoln. A Cabinet Council was held in consequence in Washington, and it was decided that permission should not be granted to Mr. Stephens to come to Washington. Mr. Stephens was informed that the ordinary channels of communication would suffice to transmit any message to President Lincoln. One report states that Mr. Stephens was the bearer of a proposition from Mr. Davis to Mr. Lincoln, to the effect that there should be two Unions under one President, who should have the conduct of all foreign relations, but leave each division to regulate its own internal affairs. The Southern, however, state that Vice-President Stephens's visit to Washington was either to arrange for the exchange of prisoners or to inform the Federal Government that, if private property were not respected, the Confederates would retaliate.

President Lincoln, General Halleck, and Secretaries Seward and Stanton were serenaded on the receipt of news of the surrender of Vicksburg. In returning thanks the President made a speech in which he spoke of great occurrences which had marked the 4th of July during many years, and characterised the Confederates as men warring against the famous declaration that all men were born equal. General Halleck claimed the merit of retaining General Grant in command, and consequently of the victory he has achieved. Secretary Stanton declared that the real victory had been won over Copperheads as well as Rebels. Mr. Seward admitted that he was originally opposed to the war, and desired to put it off, if possible. If that were a weakness, there was a warrant for it in the character of Him who died to save the world, who desired the cup to pass from Him if His heavenly Father pleased, but, if not, He would accept it.

Ex-President Pierce, in his speech on the 4th of July, in Concord, New Hampshire, contrasted the once happy, prosperous, and useful state of the country in its time of peace with its present distracted condition, its civil war, and its subjugation to despotic military rule. He said the emotions of all good men are those of sorrow and shame and sadness for the condition of the country. The war was fruitless in everything except the harvest of woe which was ripening for what was once a peerless Republic. He still clung to the hope that the Union would be restored, but did not believe that war would accomplish it.

Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, speaking of the Union, said:—"If I knew anything of the nature of this Government, its true greatness consists in the ability it may possess, not to destroy, but to restore and bring together, and, by compromise and a new order of things, to rebuild the Temple of Freedom. For this end war is unavailing. The States of the South may be wrong; but that is not the question. As they came voluntarily into the Union you cannot compel them to remain in it by force of arms. You may devastate their fields and reduce them to beggary; but you cannot by these means have the Union which your fathers founded."

The Governor of New York intimated his determination to maintain the rights of his States by whomsoever they might be attacked.

The Republican party was expected shortly to submit a petition to President Lincoln to the following effect:—"They are willing to make peace and restore the Union. Slavery to cease after the year 1876. Minors at that time would remain slaves till they are twenty-one years of age. The loyal States only would receive compensation for their negroes. A convention would be called to revise the Federal Constitution with a view to strike out the three-fifths provisions recognising slavery as the basis of representative population, and providing for emancipation in accordance with the above programme."

A serious riot broke out in New York on the 13th, in consequence of the enforcement of the conscription. A mob of several thousand persons surrounded the buildings where the lots were drawn, destroyed the enrolment papers, and assaulted the officers and police, several of whom are reported to have been either killed or seriously injured. Troops and artillery had been ordered from Governor's Island to quell the disturbance.

The cupidity of the Pennsylvanians in their transactions with the New York troops had caused the soldiers to commit considerable depredations in retaliation, and serious complaints had been made by the farmers against them to the authorities. Among the regiments complained of was the 11th New York Artillery, which refused to act as infantry at the request of Governor Curtin, and had been sent home.

The ironclad *Ranoka*, supposed to be the most formidable vessel in the Federal service, had proved a failure for seagoing purposes, and had been retained for the defence of New York Harbour.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

The Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi having at length succumbed to the perseverance and energy of General Grant's army, the siege, one of the most remarkable on record, is now matter of history, the most interesting portions of which are the details of the grand assaults by which the Federal commander attempted to carry the position after obtaining a footing in its rear. These assaults took place on the 22nd of May, and, though gallantly made, were without success, and cost about 2500 lives; and General Grant had then recourse to the more tedious, but, as events have proved, the surer, method of regular siege operations. The grand general assault, which took place on the 22nd, is thus described in correspondence from the Federal army:—

The assault was to have been simultaneous along the whole line, the principal attack being in the centre; but, from some unexplained mismanagement, there were three attacks at different times. The first, by General McClernand, on the left, commenced shortly after ten o'clock, when the cannonade had continued two hours.

The first advance was made by McClernand's centre, General A. J. Smith's division of two brigades, commanded by Colonel Landrum and General Burbridge. As early as eleven o'clock Landrum's men took a fort, and were in actual possession of it, losing it in turn only by a surprise of the enemy.

General Osterhaus, on their left, made a breach on the south side of the work with his artillery. There were two companies of rebel soldiers in it at the time. One of them ran away, and the other actually borrowed their way through the earth to our men in front and surrendered a prisoner. Landrum, on obtaining possession of the fort, put a pioneer force at work to throw up earthworks in the rear, so as to bring the guns of the fort to bear upon the rebels. In constructing the fortifications the rebels left the rear of all the forts open to give them an opportunity to assail our men in the event of our success in driving them out. The flags of the 48th Ohio, 77th Illinois, and 19th Kentucky floated from the inner slope of the parapet from 11.30 a.m. till 4 p.m. At the latter hour the rebels were seen preparing for a charge to retake the fort. An entire brigade was about to be pitted against a few companies. Our men did not receive the support which had been promised them, and were compelled to fall back, leaving the enemy again in possession of the fort. The fighting on the left was done by the divisions of Generals Carr, Osterhaus, and Smith; and was of a more desperate character and of longer duration than that upon the right or centre.

THE ASSAULT ON THE RIGHT.

The assault on the right, which was directed by General Sherman, and is the subject of our Engraving, took place shortly after the assault on the left.

The assault on the right was commenced soon after ten o'clock by General Thayer's brigade of Steele's division, consisting of the 9th, 4th, 24th, and 30th Iowa Regiments. Two men of this command marched forward heroically, under the leadership of Thayer. The assault was made by them at a terrible cost; but promised success did not arrive, and the prize had to be abandoned, when it could have been saved had an equal spirit of courage and bravery been displayed by those from whom support was expected. General Blair, on the left of the right wing, moved his men forward for the bloody work soon after its commencement by Steele. A volunteer storming party of 1500 men—ten from each regiment in the division—went up to the enemy's work, crossed the ditch, and climbed the parapet. The rebels were for a time afraid to show their heads above the rifle-pits long enough at a time to fire at the little band of valiant soldiers. The storming party looked in vain for the support which had been promised it. Finally, all but one of the 150 got discouraged, and sought the shelter of a deep ravine. Blair's men finally made a charge, but were repulsed with terrible loss. General Tuttle's division joined in the assault on the right, but shared the fate which befell the others—was repulsed.

THE ASSAULT ON THE CENTRE.

The assault on the centre was longest delayed, and up to eleven o'clock the skirmishers had not advanced, save those of one or two divisions. This was the most important assault:—

General Grant was of opinion that the key to Vicksburg was in the centre of the rebel line. There are a number of forts there, the two principal ones commanding the main road to Jackson, and directly in the rear of Vicksburg Courthouse.

The artillery had been chiefly directed against these forts, but, as was afterwards ascertained, with little effect. The assault commenced at half-past eleven o'clock.

On the centre the 1st and 3rd Brigades of General Logan's division, commanded by Generals John E. Smith and John D. Stevenson, advanced about half-past eleven o'clock. Two regiments of Stevenson's brigade were provided with scaling-ladders, 40 ft. long, but had no opportunity to use them, being driven back before reaching the rifle-pits. Logan's men went forward bravely, but were met by overwhelming numbers of the intrenched foe. Hundreds of them jumped into the ditches, but the number who reached the parapet was small. Nearly two companies rushed into the fort, and were captured. The flag of the 7th Missouri was planted on the parapet, after seven colour-bearers had been shot down. A wild terrific storm of bullets and grape-shot, the 3rd brigade held its ground until recalled by orders from the proper source. They advanced, holding their fire to pour into the rifle-pits, after their ascent to the parapet. The enemy gave them volley after volley as they approached, sending terrible devastation among their ranks. Colonel Collins, of the 51st Illinois, was shot through the head while gallantly leading his regiment. He expired in a few moments, while exhorting his men to push forward in the charge. To the left of Logan, in the centre, General Quimby's division joined in the assault. Like their comrades under Stevenson and Smith, their valour and courage were great, but could not accomplish the work assigned them. They were driven back with heavy loss.

LONG BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA.

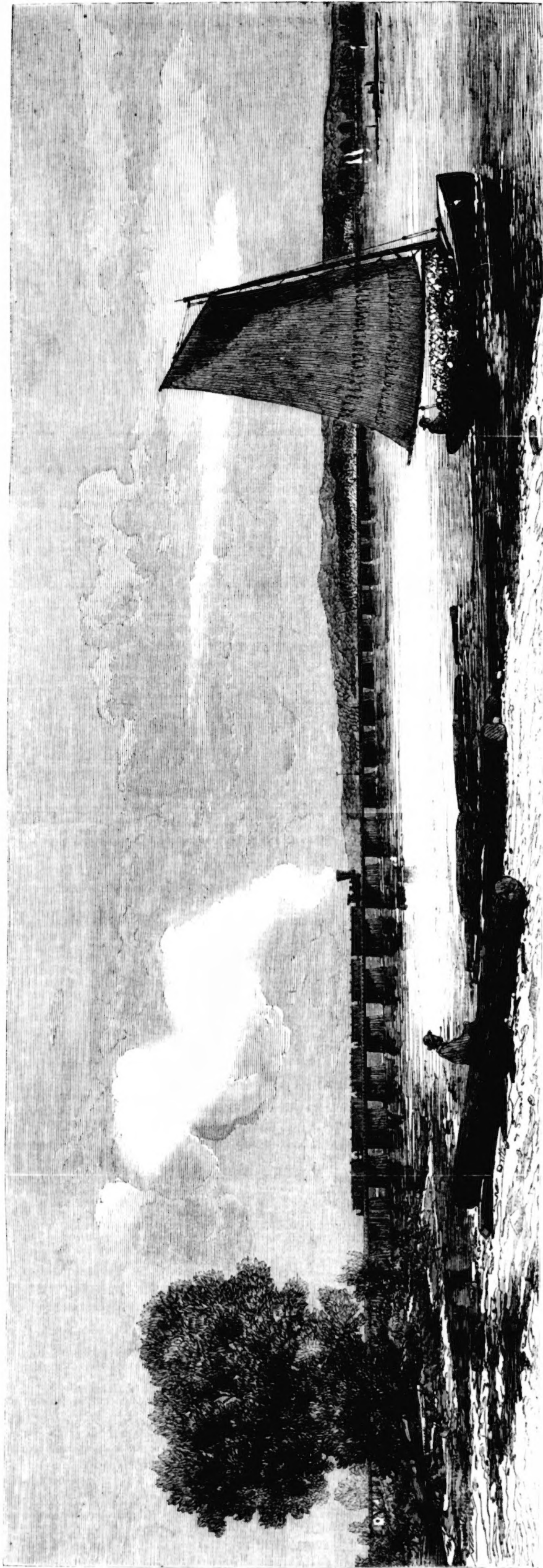
The destruction of bridges is a feature in the American civil war. Scarcely any account of a military operation performed there reaches this country without the details of the burning of bridges forming a part of it; and from recent despatches we find that brigades of soldiers go out expressly as "bridge burning expeditions." The amount of mischief done by following such a course can scarcely be estimated in this country, because we have here always several roads between important points, and our rivers are small. If the communication was destroyed at one point, there would be sure to be another not far off. This is not the case in America. The rivers are numerous and very large; and when we read the simple announcement that the bridge at Brown's Ford or Jones's Landing has been broken up by the Federal or Confederate troops, it generally means that a large and valuable engineering work has been destroyed and the communication between two great districts entirely cut off. Nor must it be thought, because these edifices are mentioned as merely bridges, that their destruction is a light affair, and that the damage can be easily repaired. The contrary is the fact: for many of these wooden bridges are large and important works, which carry the great high roads and the railways across the broad waters which so frequently intersect the country. Many road-bridges are timber structures of great solidity and strength, roofed over to preserve them from decay, in the same manner as the Swiss bridges are. These have generally been erected by the States in which they are situated out of funds collected for the purpose. Those which carry the railways are the property of the railway companies, and the loss will fall on them; and, as a large amount of American railway stock is held in this country, it is a fact that when one reads of some immense bridge being destroyed by one or other of the belligerents, it means that so many thousands of pounds has been abstracted and lost from the pockets of so many English men or women.

The mechanical genius of the Americans is very great: all their engineering works show how skillfully they meet every emergency that arises, and adapt the character of their work to the locality in which it is situated, the purpose for which it is constructed, and the materials of which it is to be composed. The wooden bridges are examples of this, for their style varies according to circumstance, and never are they found inefficient or injudiciously designed. Sometimes they are of most complicated design—such as those built for carrying heavy trains over deep, narrow valleys or rivers; at another time a mere line of trestles is constructed, as when a road or railway has to be carried at a low elevation across some swamp or lands liable to be flooded, or when it is desired to carry the road or railway across some broad, shallow estuary, or the upper water of a great river, as is the case in that over the upper part of the Susquehanna (shown in our Engraving), which has recently been destroyed.

This valuable bridge or viaduct was over two miles in length, and carried a most important railway; it was, on the whole, a work of great magnitude from its great length, although constructed in shallow water and of low elevation. When this great work was originally completed there was great rejoicing, and the future was looked forward to with delight, for distant places were by that means brought closer to each other, and that which was worthless in one place became of value because it could be transported to another, and all men agreed that the whole land was benefited. If there was then so much occasion for joy at its completion, there must surely be a still greater cause for sorrow when we hear of its destruction.

PROPOSED EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.—The Town Council of Berlin has passed a resolution to make representations before the Ministry in favour of holding an international exhibition in that city at an early opportunity. It is said that the proposal has met with a favourable reception in the commercial world. It is hoped that the date for holding the exhibition will not be later than 1865. If the proposal should be realised, Europe will see three international exhibitions in three successive years—at Berlin in 1865, at Vienna in 1866, and at Paris in 1867.

The following advertisement appears in the columns of a Paris contemporary:—"A student of three years' standing at a German University wishes to marry after taking his degree. He is desirous of finding a young lady who will advance him money to pay the sum necessary to finish his University career. Thus bound to his fate she would, after two or three years, become his wife!"



BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA RECENTLY DESTROYED BY THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

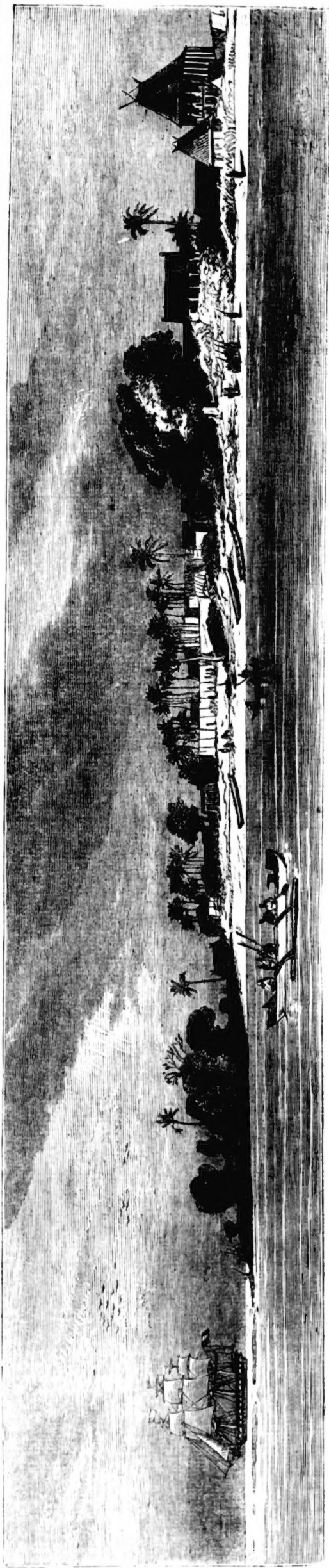
boundary—the central provinces of Ankova. At the same time many of the Malagasy youths were taken on board English vessels and taught seamanship, so that they might act as pilots, or hold offices at the ports of their own island, while many more were brought to England for instruction in mechanical arts. In 1818 missionaries reached the coast of Madagascar, and, after the ratification of the treaty in 1820, were cordially received in the capital, and soon prepared a grammar of the language, wrote a few elementary books, and translated the Scriptures into the native tongue. In ten years 10,000 or 15,000 of the natives had learned to read, and many of them to write, while a number of them professed themselves Christians. About 1500 youths, who had been apprenticed to missionary artisans, had been taught to work in iron, to be carpenters, builders, tanners, curriers, and to follow other useful trades. There is no doubt that Radama was a King who afterwards well deserved the name of the “enlightened African.”

TAMATAVE, THE PORT OF MADAGASCAR.
In Madagascar, as in many countries where civilisation has done little more than effect a merely external influence, and Christianity has been embraced only by a small number of the natives, events seem to repeat themselves in some strange and unexpected manner, even after the lapse of years.

In 1817, the treaty between our Governor of Mauritius and King Radama, when the English chose to consider the supreme ruler of the country, was chiefly regarded as the means of abolishing the slave trade. The remuneration which was made by the British Government to the King consisted partly of arms and ammunition, while men were sent to Madagascar to instruct the native soldiers in military tactics, a system which enabled Radama to extend the dominion of the “Hovas” far beyond its original

but at the first visit of the agents of the British Government he sat upon a native upon the floor, ate from silver dishes which no one else dared touch, and even in defiance of the national law, which (singular to say) prohibits intoxication, got royally tipsy and indulged freely in almost every sort of dissipation. In ten years he had vastly improved, and, naturally keen and sagacious, encouraged the missionaries and assisted all the improvements which they desired to establish; but dissipation had undermined his naturally robust constitution, and he died in 1828 at thirty-six years of age. Prince Rakatobe, the eldest son of Radama's sister, was nominated as his successor, but he was assassinated in favour of the widow of the King. This woman, who was a thorough savage and united to a ferocious temper a bigoted adhesion to the native idolatry, soon began to alter the condition of affairs in the island. Heathenism was restored, and in 1835 the profession of the Christian religion by the natives was prohibited, while

the Christian books were required to be given up. In 1836 the missionaries who had not died and the native artisans retired from the island. Orders were issued prohibiting the removal of natives from Madagascar; but this command was evaded, and the Queen's Government then attempted to apply the native laws to the Europeans, in order to maintain authority. This gave great offence to the foreign traders at Tamatave, and they appealed for assistance to the English Governor at Mauritius and the French Governor at Bourbon. In 1845, one English and two French vessels of war went to Tamatave, to endeavour to adjust these differences, and unhappily, failing in their intention, fired on the people, burned part of the town, and attacked the fort, but were ultimately forced to retire, leaving thirteen of the assaulting party behind. The skulls of these were afterwards hoisted on poles by the natives, and ranged in front of the fortification which had been attacked.



THE POINT AND TOWN OF TAMATAVE, MADAGASCAR.

This resulted in still greater evils, trade with Madagascar was almost destroyed, the persecution of the Christians raged with greater fury than ever, and for eight years all amicable intercourse ceased. Notwithstanding the persecution, however, the native Christian community survived, and soon increased; the son of the Queen himself became a convert, was baptised, and declared himself openly, and by his influence his cousin Ramonja soon followed his example. This infuriated the Queen, who regarded her son as being subject to witchcraft or incantations; and then commenced a fresh persecution, which in 1849 led to the martyrdoms of which we gave some account in a former Number. When Radama II. came to the throne, it is by no means wonderful that he should have retained those sympathies which he manifested under circumstances of such danger and difficulty; and, had he possessed the spirit and courage

of his reputed father, Radama, "the enlightened African," he might have lived to elevate Madagascar to a position which its natural resources would well maintain. As it was, he became the subject of intrigues, and, with very good intentions, was too weak to carry out those projects which had been formed for him. The result has been the receding of the tide of public affairs by the assassination of the King, the triumph of the old Hova party, and the election of the widow of Radama II. The old traditional law of temperance has been again insisted on, and "toleration for all religious opinions" will, it is to be hoped, prevent the recurrence of former horrors. Throughout the history of European influence in Madagascar the port of Tamatave has been the most important locality, since it was here that the foreign traders resided, and kept up European influence by means of the trade with Mauritius and Bourbon. The town is situated on a hollow line of coast, and the anchorage is little more than a roadstead protected by reefs, but exposed to the winds from the east and the north. There is, however, considerable space within the reefs, and the holding-ground is good. The place seems to be built upon a point of land stretching into the sea towards the south, about 300 or 400 yards wide, and covered with sandhills thrown up to the height of 15 ft. or 20 ft. above the water-level. The low shore is pretty generally covered with brushwood or rushes; and to the south of the anchorage a few coco-palms rear themselves. The buildings at Tamatave are mostly of the native sort; they are, however, well adapted to the climate. Mr. Ellis, to whose always interesting work we are indebted for most of our information, thus describes the Custom-house at the time of his visit:—"This building is a purely native structure, between 30 ft. and 40 ft. long, and nearly as wide. The walls are about 12 ft. high, and composed of posts fixed in the ground at unequal distances, the spaces between being filled up with the thick, strong leaf-stalks of the travellers' tree (a species of broad-leaved palm) fixed upright between flat laths, each stalk being about 10 ft. long. The thatch covering the steep roof was composed of the leaves of the same tree, fastened with native cord, and the rods fixed horizontally on the rafters. The floor was of sea-sand, partly covered with strong woven rush matting, and partly floored with the bark or hard outside of the travellers' tree, which appeared to have been taken off from the fibrous centre of the tree and beaten out flat, so as to form a sort of hard, flat, cracked, yet adhering board, 15 in. or 18 in. wide, and sometimes more than 20 ft. in length. These bark-formed boards were laid side by side on the sand, and, though not nailed to cross rafters, seemed to lie even and firm. Round the sides and matted end of the house were fixed a number of benches, on which we sat down."

The better sort of dwellings may be described by referring to the house of the harbour master, one of the great authorities in the place:—"On arriving we entered a large inclosure formed with sticks or small poles, about 1½ in. in diameter and 8 ft. or 9 ft. high, fixed upright in the ground, and fastened together with a tough and fibrous species of creeper. Part of this large inclosure was fenced off as a cattle fold; other parts were occupied by the dwellings of some of his assistants and the huts of his slaves, while the rest was under cultivation." Tobacco-plants, pineapples, sweet potatoes, and several coco-palms and other fine trees made a beautiful garden.

The house was constructed similarly to the custom-house—with a door in the centre, a window on each side, and the whole front shaded by a broad verandah. The walls inside were covered with rofia cloth, and a fine large mat was spread upon the floor. A neatly-made four-post bedstead, covered with fine sleeping-mats, stood in one corner; choice cooking utensils in another; bags of rice and stores, with materials for making mats, and native and European weapons, occupied other parts of the dwelling. In the centre was a table, of native workmanship, covered with a white cloth, on which refreshments were placed; and there were a number of chairs and native seats made of matting, like high, square ottomans, in different parts of the room. Almost the only good houses are those belonging to the foreign residents and the native officers, the dwellings of the common people being frequently little better than mere huts.

Herbert." The site chosen is in the market-place, in front of the Townhall or council-house.

The occasion of the uncovering of the statue was made quite a fête day in Salisbury. All the shops were closed, flags were flying, bells ringing, and the city was crowded with visitors from the adjacent towns and villages. The 1st Wilts Administrative Battalion of Volunteers were drawn up on three sides of a square surrounding the statue, leaving an open space, which was guarded by a body of police. In front of the council-house a large covered gallery had been erected, which was filled with the élite of the county. The attendance in the market square was very numerous, there being not less than 10,000 persons present. Considerable disappointment was felt at the absence of the Premier, but his place was ably and appropriately supplied by Earl De Grey and Ripon, who now occupies the post

to the discharge of the duties of which Lord Herbert devoted himself with so much ardour and self-denial, and in the performance of which he sacrificed his health, and ultimately his life. Earl De Grey, after expressing to the Mayor, Corporation, and memorial committee Lord Palmerston's regret that he could not be present, proceeded to a dais erected by the side of the statue. In an eloquent address he described Lord Herbert as a thorough English statesman, and a philanthropist in the best meaning of the word; not hasty, crotchety, nor rash, but cautious, practical, and calm; never resting in pursuit of the great objects he had in view, and devoting his life to the service of his Sovereign and his country until in that service he laid it down. When Earl De Grey had concluded, the covering was removed from the statue amid loud cheers. A déjeuner afterwards took place in the council-chamber, at which the Mayor presided.

THE TAKING OF PUEBLA.

WE have already given some account of the taking of Puebla by the French troops and its evacuation by the Mexicans. Our Engraving this week represents the final ceremony, which may be said to have completed the victory of the Imperial arms.

On the 16th of May General Mendoza, the former Prefect of Puebla under Santa Anna, came in person to treat with the Commander-in-Chief, and on the following day, at five o'clock in the morning, an immense crowd, entirely unarmed, issued from the town and announced that Puebla was about to surrender.

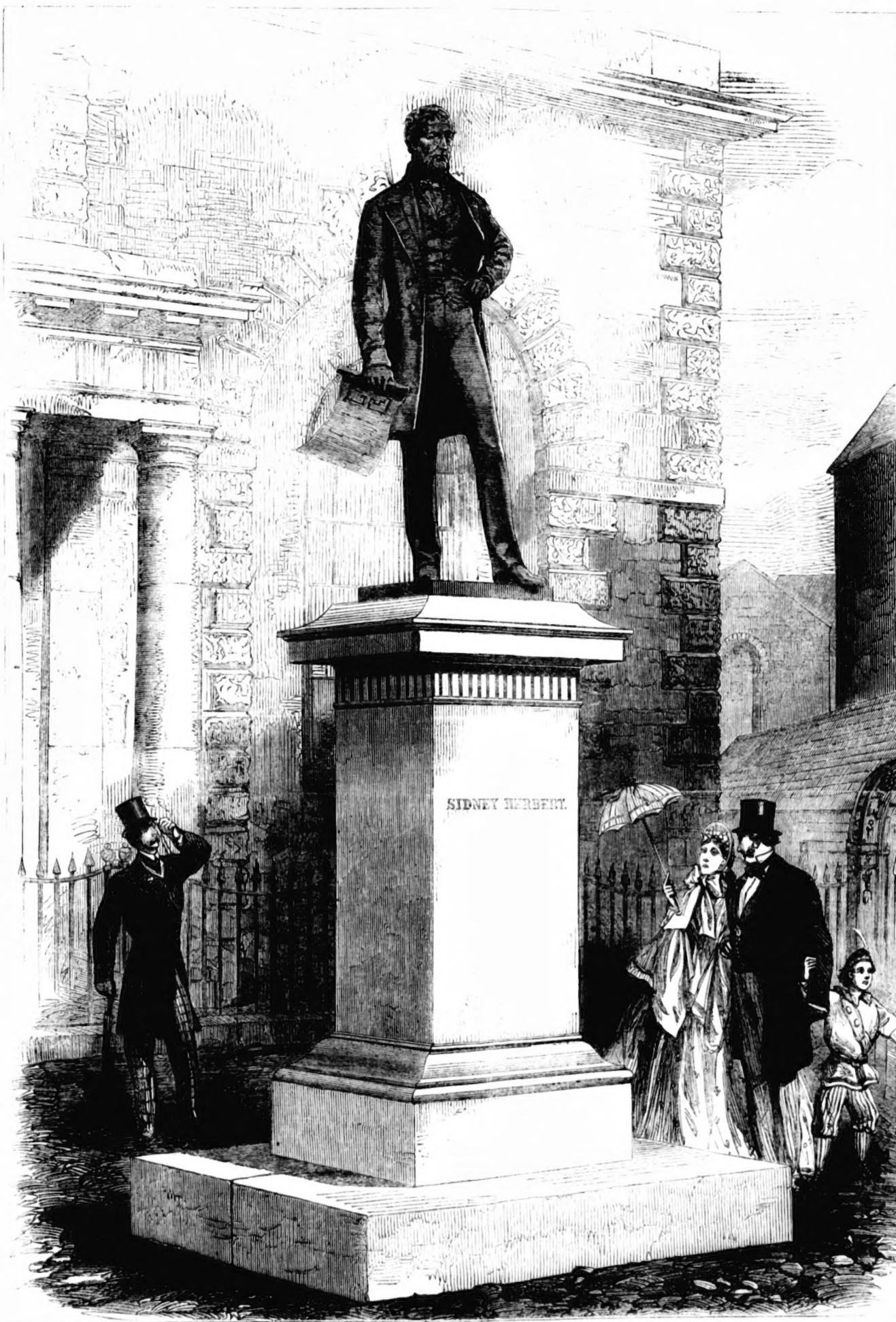
The forts were immediately afterwards occupied by the French troops, and the Engineers began to clear the barricades from the streets in order to prepare for the triumphal entry of the army, which had been fixed for the 19th. Thus Puebla los Angeles, the City of Angels, has been reduced, and the taking of Mexico has followed with almost unexpected rapidity.

On the 19th General Forey made his entry into the town, while the army passed in by the "Mexican" gate in military order; first, a platoon of gendarmes and the Chasseurs d'Afrique; these were followed by the General-in-Chief and his Staff, escorted by Hussars; then came battalions of Chasseurs, Zouaves, and regiments of the

Line. As ten o'clock sounded the Mexican standard was hoisted on the north tower of the cathedral, and the French flag on the south tower.

The General was received under the portico of the cathedral by the Mexican clergy, a ceremony in which the army chaplains also took part. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, the *Te Deum* was chanted in the cathedral, and salves of artillery were fired at intervals from Fort Loretto. A large number of the inhabitants who had not yet left the town assembled to witness the review of the French troops in the Place d'Armes by General Neigre, and soon afterwards the soldiers were spread through the town, apparently fraternising very good humouredly with the citizens.

The Madrid papers state that a collision accidentally took place a few days ago off the port of Malaga between an English and a French frigate. Both vessels are said to have been sunk, and one English sailor and five French sailors only are reported saved.



STATUE OF LORD HERBERT OF LEA, RECENTLY INAUGURATED AT SALISBURY.—BARON MAROCHETTI, SCULPTOR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. TREBLE.)

THE SALISBURY MEMORIAL TO LORD HERBERT OF LEA.

OUR readers are already aware that a memorial statue of the late Lord Herbert of Lea has been erected at Salisbury, and was inaugurated a week or two ago by Earl De Grey and Ripon, in place of Lord Palmerston, who was prevented by indisposition from being present, as had originally been arranged. We this week publish an Engraving of the memorial.

Immediately after Lord Herbert's death the leading residents of Wiltshire, his Lordship's native county, and with which he had long been politically connected as its representative in Parliament, met to consider the most appropriate form in which to commemorate his distinguished services while occupying the onerous post of Secretary of State for War, when it was decided that a statue and convalescent home should be erected at Salisbury. The task of producing the statue was confided to Baron Marochetti. It is 9 ft. in height, standing on a square pedestal of Penryn granite 10 ft. high. The base of the statue bears simply the inscription, "Sidney

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 221.

MR. SHERIDAN.

ONCE upon a time, when the Derby Reform Bill was under discussion, a Mr. Gerald Sturt, whose voice had never been heard in the house before, rose and delivered a most effective speech; and as the members were rushing out of the house after Mr. Sturt had sat down, the following conversation between two members occurred:—A. "It has always been my opinion that the best speakers in the house are those who rarely speak." B. "True, and very natural, according as it is written, 'Poets rush in where angels fear to tread.'" This conversation recurred to our mind when Mr. Henry Brinsley Sheridan was speaking on the fire insurance, for Mr. Sheridan is one of the rarest of our speakers, and one of the best. His speech on this occasion was really a masterly address. Indeed, Mr. Sheridan has, to begin with, all the natural qualifications of a speaker. He has a clear, ringing, flexible voice, which voice he has entirely under his control, and knows well how to use. Now, this is a very rare qualification. A good voice is not at all an uncommon endowment; but how few speakers know how to use it with effect? And, further, Mr. Sheridan has not only a flexible voice, but a graceful, easy, and effective manner. This is a qualification, we think, even more rare amongst speakers than the other. We do not believe there are twenty speakers in the House who know what to do with their arms when they are speaking. Again, Mr. Sheridan can express himself in good, plain, flowing English. These are what we may call the material and artistic qualifications; but the chief qualification is to come; and that is, that Mr. Sheridan always has something to say. Our readers may possibly smile at this last remark; but if they were constantly in the house they would feel its full force; for the cause of the failure of our unsuccessful speakers is generally not that they cannot utter what they have to say, but that they have nothing to say; or, in other words, not that they cannot express their thoughts, but that they have no thoughts worth expressing. Lastly, we have to note another reason why Mr. Sheridan has achieved so great a success. He has devoted his time and thought to this one subject. "Beware of the man of one book," says the proverb, for within his range he is invincible. Mr. Sheridan has proved the truth of this saying; he is a man of one subject, and he has made himself so completely master of it—has so interwoven himself in knowledge, and mounted his intrenchment with such a formidable array of arguments, that even the redoubtable Gladstone assaults them in vain. Indeed, we never saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer so thoroughly foiled as he was in this hand-to-hand fight.

MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD.

ON the occasion of the Brazil debate we had more good speaking crowded into one night than we have had this Session. The first speaker was Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, and then we had Mr. Layard, Sir Hugh Cairns, and the Solicitor-General, all great guns. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald always speaks well, and would speak better if he could but throw a little more fire into his speeches. This is a strange thing, seeing that Mr. Fitzgerald is an Irishman, as his name indicates. He is, however, we take it, a sort of Anglo-Irishman—Irish by the father but English by the mother; Irish tempered by English. And then, further, he was educated at Oxford, went through a training for the English Bar, practised for a time, and has lived more in English than in Irish society, all which would naturally tend to tone down the Irish element within him. But Mr. Fitzgerald has recoiled to the opposite extreme, and his speeches, though always clever, are generally so tame that when you see him leaning on the despatch-box in his easy, nonchalant way, and hear his unimpassioned voice, you cannot imagine that he is Irish at all. And then he is so logical, which fact is another proof that he has English blood in his veins, or has been by process of education assimilated to the English character; for your pure Milesian is rarely logical. But though Mr. Fitzgerald is generally so tame, free and easy, and quiet, on this night he was unusually lively, at times quite earnest, energetic, and even oratorical, and his speech was all the more effective.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS.

Sir Hugh Cairns is a Conservative great gun of the heaviest metal. As an argumentative debater he is by far the ablest combatant on the Conservative side of the House. Woe to the opponent who is wrong in his facts or false in his reasoning in the presence of Sir Hugh Cairns. Sir Hugh detects a false fact with the eye of a hawk, and tracks a sophism with the unerring pertinacity of a Red Indian. His speech upon the Irish Church in answer to the volubly, reckless oration of Mr. Bernal Osborne, was a masterly display of the right honourable gentleman's peculiar talents. But Sir Hugh is a forensic debater, and not a Parliamentary orator. He can dissect a bill with the skill of an anatomist; and when close reasoning is required, he shines pre-eminently. Indeed, in his own peculiar walk he has few equals and no superiors. But in a great party fight, when the passions of the House are roused, when the three declamations of the partisan are more thought of and more effective than the calm reasoning of the acute lawyer, he fails. Sir Hugh's personal qualifications are much in his favour. He is tall, handsome, and graceful; his voice is good; but, like all lawyers, his delivery is monotonous. Some years ago Sir Hugh appeared to be very unwell. Report said that he was affected with a pulmonary complaint, which threatened mischief. He is, however, now apparently quite recovered. He probably saw the danger, and, unlike many of our great lawyers, he determined, if possible, to avoid it. He took to hunting, and during the season he may be often seen in the field following the hounds with boyish delight, and is, if not a skilful, one of the most daring riders that ever bestrode a horse. You would hardly think this if you were to see him walk into the house, pale, calm, and thoughtful, with a bundle of briefs in hand, to be studied in the lobby. Newdegate, you can tell by his figure, is a mighty hunter; and you can see at once that he is at home in the saddle. But who would ever dream that Sir Hugh is a horseman? And yet we have been told that he often shows the way which few like to follow, and sometimes makes the oldest hunter stare at his reckless exploits.

HER MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR GENERAL.

Sir Roundell Palmer is the only man in the House competent to meet Sir Hugh on his own ground. These two sit opposite, and are often pitted against each other in combat, and they are alike in some particulars. They are both keen debaters, both great lawyers, and both wonderfully acute in detecting misstatements and flaws in a logical chain. But, of the two, we have come to the conclusion that we would rather, if we had a cause before the Courts (which may the powers forbear!), intrust it to Cairns than to Palmer. But Sir Roundell is far more than a mere forensic debater. He is a very able, eloquent, forcible, and accomplished speaker. Next to Gladstone, he is the most eloquent man in the house; and, in some respects, he is superior even to Gladstone. His style is purer. There is the same opulence of language, but it is kept within bounds. Gladstone's style often runs riot; he heaps up epithets until he weakens the effect of his sentences, excepting always when he is excited, as he was, for example, in his great Italian speech. It is a curious fact, that when Gladstone is thoroughly excited his style is not nearly so redundant as it is when he is arguing unexcited upon some dry uninteresting topic. And yet, perhaps, this is not so curious as it at first seems to be; for does not everybody speak out when he is a trifle angry? Sir Roundell's style is, however, always pure and forcible. It has been noticed that in other respects Sir Roundell Palmer is not unlike his eminent colleague; he, too, is somewhat of a socialist, and occasionally pursues an argument too far; but, unquestionably, when he gets excited, and gives the rein to his fine flow of eloquence, his musical voice ringing through the house, and his small dark eyes twinkling like stars in the twilight, the listener must indeed be dull who does not enjoy the speaking of our accomplished Solicitor-General. On the whole, this debate upon the Brazilian question was the best which we have had this Session. Mr. Fitzgerald started it well, and it was sustained with wonderful talent and vigour to the end.

LAWSON AND HIS UTOPIA.

After the Brazilian debate, Mr. Lawson, the Temperance leader,

rose and tried another manoeuvre to deprive us of our liberty to drink spirits, wine, beer, &c. This gentleman is a modern Procrustes, and wants by the old Procrustean method—so famous in classic story—to stretch or shrink us all to his own model. Mr. Lawson is an amiable enthusiast. He dreams of a Temperance millennium. From his imaginary Pegasus top he views a Canaan before him flowing with water, and he longs, not to lead but to force us into the Utopia of his watery dreams. The House, however, "could not see it;" and after listening to his dreary eloquence, which from its dullness would seem to be inspired by cold water, dismissed once more this Utopian project to that limbo into which so many futilities, fallacies, and impossibilities are annually consigned. And then, by a *facilis descensus*, we slid, as the grey morning began to creep through the "storied window richly light," into the curious question—"Is it possible to poison grain, so that it will kill mice, slugs, sparrows, tomcats, &c., and yet be innocuous to hares, pheasants, and partridges?" The discussion on this grave matter arose out of a bill which Mr. Paul had introduced to prevent the poisoning of grain. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, on behalf of a client of his, advocated, with his usual acumen, that the thing was possible. Mr. Paul and his friends took the negative side, and this issue was joined, and for an hour the battle fiercely raged. In the course of the debate an hon. member called to the learned Baronet's memory that it was once suggested by a great advocate that there is poison enough in apple-pips to destroy human life; whereupon there was great laughter. The Government opposed the bill, but the game preservers had mustered their forces, the Government was overwhelmed, and the bill was got through Committee, not, however, until the Government had practised a novel manoeuvre for a Government. Seeing that the House had thinned down, the gentlemen on the Treasury bench determined to try a count-out, and suddenly rose and with their supporters filed out of the house. Loud laughter and jeers followed them as they passed through the door, but still louder greeted them when, the count having failed, they had, with shame and mortification on their faces, to return. The great tomcat question having been settled, and sundry of the supporters of the bill having gone, we entered upon the discussion of the Anchor Chains and Cables Bill. But now the manoeuvre of a count, albeit Mr. Gibson stuck manfully to his post, succeeded, and the House broke up at a quarter to four o'clock. It was broad daylight, and as the weary combatants wended their way homewards the caged birds were pouring forth their matin songs; and as we were leaving our work numbers of refreshed labourers were going to theirs. Ah! Mr. Bentinck, what can possess you to try to abolish "count-outs"? Why, if the House had not possessed this invaluable privilege, we should certainly have gone talking on till six, and perhaps later still.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 17.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

IRISH JUDICIAL STATISTICS.

The Marquis of CLANRICHAUD moved that judicial statistics for Ireland, similar to those for England and Wales, ought to be annually furnished, and that a competent person acquainted with the Irish courts should be charged with collecting them, under the Home Office.

Earl GRANVILLE assented to the motion, which, after a few words from Lord BROUGHAM and the Earl of DUNLOUGHMORE, was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

Mr. HENNESSY moved an address to the Queen in favour of open competition for the junior appointments in the Civil service, which gave rise to a discussion on the merits of the competitive system, which was supported by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Palmerston.

On a division, the motion was negatived by 118 to 67.

STREET MUSIC.

Mr. BASS drew attention to the subject of street music in the metropolis which, he said, had become an intolerable nuisance, and ought to be regulated, if not suppressed. He was of opinion that it was expedient to reconsider the law relating to it at the earliest opportunity.

After some debate, in which the Under-Secretary of State maintained that the present law on the subject was sufficient, the subject dropped.

MONDAY, JULY 20.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl GRANVILLE, in reply to Lord Lynden, said he could not tell the House what steps had been taken in Canada as to raising a militia force. He did not think, however, that the colonists were apathetical on the subject of their own defence.

The House then went into Committee on the Irish Fisheries Bill, and was occupied for a long time with its consideration.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

POLAND.

Mr. HORSMAN then moved a resolution to the effect that any attempt to settle the affairs of Poland not on the basis of the Treaty of Vienna would be unsatisfactory. He had read the despatches of Earl Russell with very great interest, but if no further action was to be taken in the matter they had better never have been written, for they only decided the Poles. Poland had, indeed, been done to death by diplomacy. He went into a lengthened review of the history of Poland, and contended that England was bound to do something more than merely write despatches to secure the people of that unhappy country their rights.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the resolution. He defended the Government and its policy in respect to Poland, and contended that no other course than that which had been taken was possible, unless it had been resolved to plunge at once into war.

Mr. HENNESSY, Mr. PEARCE, Sir F. GOLDSMID, Lord Palmerston, and others continued the debate.

The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

TUESDAY, JULY 21.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Harwich Harbour, the Pier and Harbour Orders Confirmation, the Misappropriation by Servants, the India Stock, and the S.dney Branch Mint Bills were severally read a third time and passed. The Charitable Uses, the Union Relief and Aid Acts Continuance, the Companies Clauses, the Turnpike Trusts Amendments, and the Extradition Money Bills were read a second time. The Commons amendments to several bills were also considered, and other measures were forwarded a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Lord Palmerston stated, in reply to Mr. S. Fitzgerald, that representations had been made to the Federal Government in reference to bonds being required of British subjects at New York that goods shipped by them should not find their way to the Confederates. Such a requirement was not in accordance with the law of nations, and he had no doubt it would not be persisted in now that the matter was again brought before the Federal Government.

Mr. D. GRIFITH moved a resolution to relieve the stamp on proxy voting papers to a penny.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said if it could be shown that the proposed reduction would be satisfactory to joint-stock companies he would lower the duty.

The motion was withdrawn.

The other business before the House was not of general interest.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Statute Law Revision Bill passed through Committee, after a short opposition from Mr. HENNESSY.

The British Columbia Boundary Bill was read a second time, and the Appropriation Bill passed through Committee.

The augmentation of Benefices Bill was being discussed in Committee at a quarter to six o'clock when the Chairman was ordered to report progress.

THURSDAY, JULY 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

DANISH PORTS EXAMINATIONS.

The Earl of MANSFIELD drew attention to a late fatal accident to the tug-boat *Waver* at the Eidersund, near Alingsborg, and asked if any steps could be taken to prevent a recurrence of such a lamentable catastrophe. Lord CLANRICHAUD replied that the Government had written letters of warning to the port captain at Alingsborg, and had also written letters of warning to the port captain at Copenhagen, and that the Government, however, had no power to stop such proceedings.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

In reply to Mr. S. Fitzgerald, Lord PALMERSTON said this was one of the most complicated subjects that ever engaged the attention of statesmen in

Europe. He should not enter into details of what was called the Schleswig-Holstein affair; but he entirely agreed with the hon. gentleman (Mr. Fitzgerald) that it was a matter of British policy to maintain the independence and integrity of the Danish monarchy. Every effort would be made by her Majesty's Government to induce the parties to include all disputes within the limits of diplomatic intercourse.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.—PRIVATEERING.

Mr. CORDEN called attention to the exploits of the *Oreto* alias the *Florida*; the *Alabama* alias the *200*; and the *Jaran* alias the *Virginia*. The hon. gentleman having dwelt upon the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and on the attacks which the above-named vessels had made upon the merchandise of a friendly Power, remarked that every vessel which was captured by them was taken note of by the American Government. He hoped that by no technical evasion another vessel for Confederate purposes would be allowed to escape from these shores.

Lord PALMERSTON said he had listened with great attention to the hon. gentleman (Mr. Corden); but it appeared to him that he and her Majesty's Government, and, he thought, the country at large, started in the consideration of the matter from a different point. He (the noble Lord) looked upon the two parties as in arms against each other, and, as such, belligerents, and therefore entitled to all the rights and privileges of belligerents. That which was running in the head of the hon. gentleman, and which guided his reasoning as well as his feeling, was that the Union was in legal existence, that there were not two belligerents, but a legitimate Government, and a rebellion against that Government. What was the duty of a neutral with regard to two belligerents? The American Government had laid it down for themselves, for they had laid it down that a neutral might supply a belligerent with ships, arms, ammunition, or anything else, although they might be important ingredients in naval and military operations. Neither the honourable gentleman nor the Federal Government were entitled to say that her Majesty's Government had omitted to do anything that by law they could do in this matter.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

STREET "MUSIC."

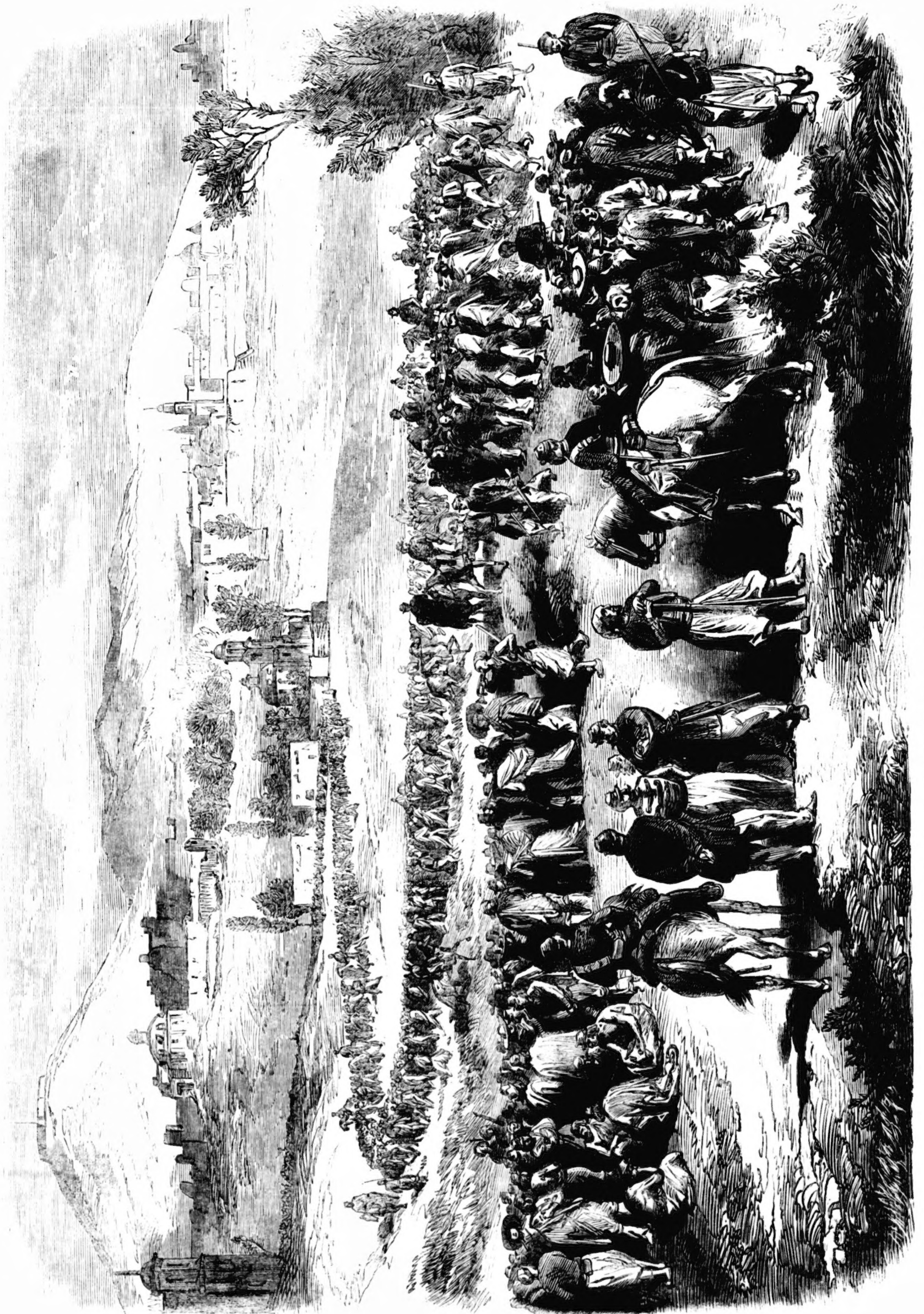
IT occurred during the last week that a clergyman was taken into custody for preaching in the open street, and that a magistrate informed the defendant of the illegality of using the streets for purposes other than those for which they were intended. Almost at the same time, the topic of what is called "street music" was discussed in the House of Commons. The subject of the purposes to which our streets may or may not, ought or ought not, to be applied, is one of some importance to most of us.

There is nothing more easy than to sneer at the alleged anti-musical tastes of those who seek to put down street discords. The ignorant assumption of those who use this means of defence is a thing to be admired. To no class of her Majesty's subjects are the bawlers, grinders, brass blowers, and yelling niggers more offensive, painful, and intolerable than to those possessed of any faculty of appreciating melody and harmony. The performances of our street minstrels have nothing in common with music in one instance out of ten—save, perhaps, in the cases of the bands to be heard at night opposite taverns at the West-end, and terraces in the Regent's Park.

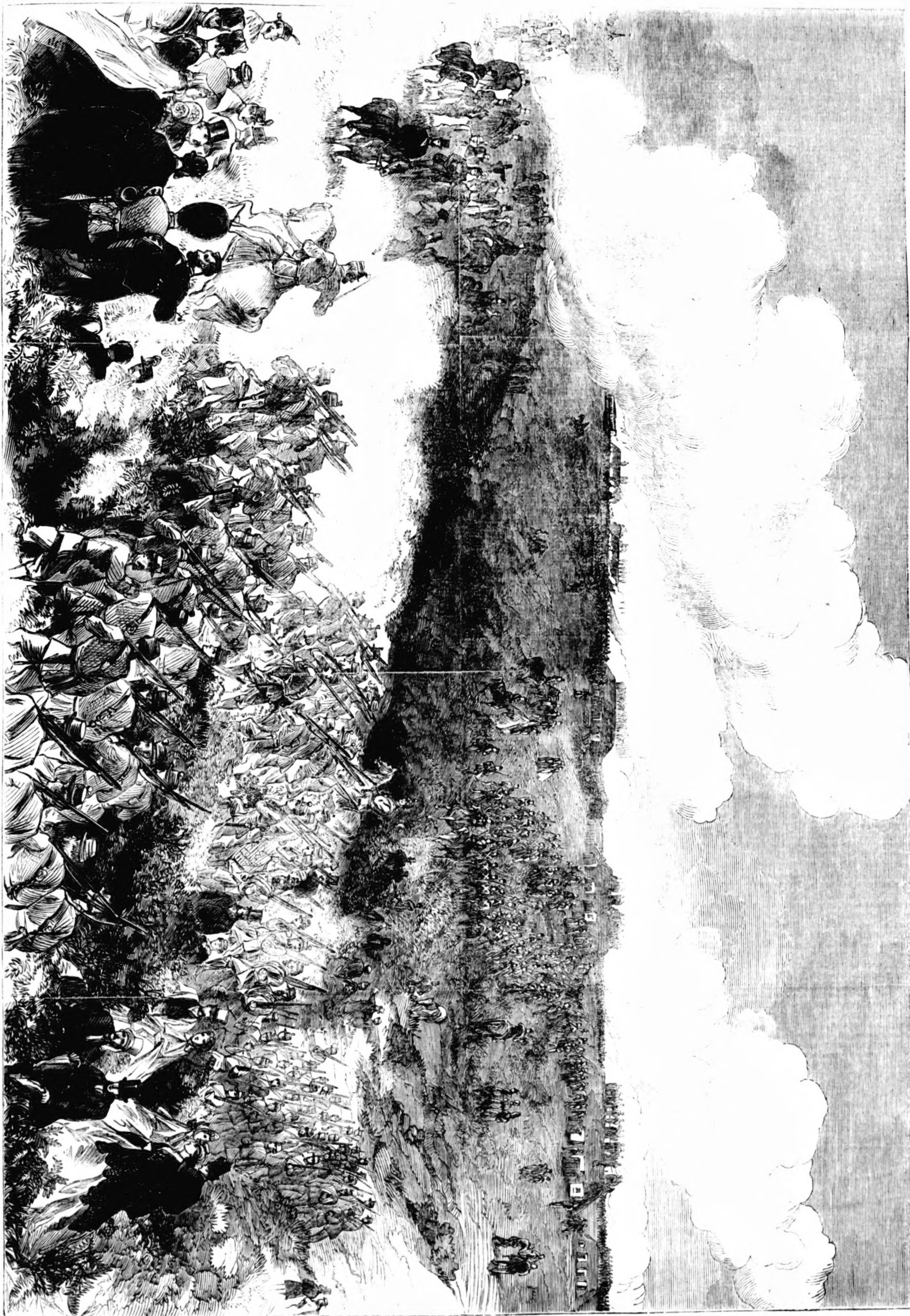
The rest of the so-called "music" of the street is little else than a means of beggary and extortion. From personal experience we can aver that, residing in a suburb, we have been frequently compelled to select the hours between midnight and morning to fulfil our duties in connection with this paper, and have been driven to this purely by the tyranny of organ-grinders and street bands. The best and most precious hours of the morning are rendered useless to us, at least three times a week, by a gang of impostors pretending to be distressed operatives from Lancashire, who assemble at the corner of the street and play flourishing preludes to nothing, ending suddenly with a crashing finale upon a cornet, trombone, and ophicleide. Not one of the vagabonds can play ten consecutive notes in tune, and yet we know that were we to insist on their removal we should only be, like Mr. Babbage, persecuted tenfold. These are usually followed by a poor wretch known as a "dory glum," these two words being alone distinguishable in a dismal chant with which he perambulates through his neighbourhood. Scarcely a single hour passes throughout the day without bringing its organ-grinder, and frequently two at once, playing coarse tunes from the music-halls in different keys. We may be prejudiced in this respect, but, to our thinking, of all despicable types of humanity, the organ-grinder is the most degraded. He is a humiliating contemplation; he is the most abject, useless slave to be held in Britain. Lacking the ordinary spirit and intelligence of manhood, utterly devoid of all that can elevate humanity above the level of the brute, the wretch deserts his country, sells himself for the lowest wage upon which life can be maintained to one of the filthy old miers who infest Leather-lane, lives without comfort, cleanliness, home, or even hope, and exists by turning a handle and grinding noise out of a mill. All this the creature does rather than wash, work, or even fight like a man. And, then, silly females throw half-pence to him out of windows, and think him "so interesting" because he is a foreigner and wears a felt hat. When he and his fellows have quite done with our street (which occasionally occurs as early as ten at night), we have the "Bashful Lady," who really is a musician, and accompanies her own singing upon a piano ingeniously combined with a truck. She is shy of daylight, and is, at least, honestly skilled in her vocation, and far more tolerable than her miserable competitors. Occasionally, we have a band of vulgar vagabonds, with blackened faces, creating horrible discord out of banjos, mouth-organs, hoarse voices, beef-bones, and supernumerary kettle drums.

When kindly and intelligent legislators attempt to plead for us and our class their complaints are met with shallow sophisms, reckless mis-statements, and derision. We are to be told that the public must like this sort of thing, or its professors would not be encouraged. Why, every one knows that the wretched receipts of these disturbers of whole neighbourhoods are scarcely equal to those of ordinary shoeblacks or

previous marriages.



THE FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—THE SURRENDER OF THE CARAJON OF TULELLA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY V. PIERSON.)—SEE PAGE 11.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT WIMBLEDON.—THE LINE OF DEFENCE FALLING BACK THROUGH THE RAVINE IN FRONT OF THE FIRST LINE OF BUTTS

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

THE MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE principal contest, which occurred at the Wimbledon butts after our last week's Number was printed was that between the English and the Scottish eight, and which was again won by the former. The shooting at the early stages of the contest was pretty nearly equal, but fortune seemed to desert the Scottish champions at the longer ranges, and the match finally resulted in a victory to the English eight by a total score of 1082 points against 999 gained by the Scots.

THE CLOSING REVIEW.

According to custom, the proceedings at Wimbledon closed on Saturday with a grand review of the metropolitan and other volunteer corps by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The sharpshooters having held possession of the common for the previous fortnight, the occupation was completed on Saturday by the arrival of the main body of the volunteers, who for their own improvement and the gratification of the spectators engaged in the operations of a field-day.

According to the instructions issued from the War Office, battalions ought all to have been upon the ground at five o'clock; but long after that hour, and, in fact, after six o'clock, the wind brought intermittent snatches of popular airs from one part of the common, apparent solos on the big drum from another, and the conjoint melody of fife and kettle drums from a third, giving audible intimation that the posting of the various brigades was still a task far from accomplished.

About half-past six o'clock the different regiments had marched to their allotted positions, and the manoeuvres began about seven. The force in the aggregate was variously estimated at from 7000 to 10,000 men, being so much scattered as to render it difficult to form any precise estimate of its numbers. It was divided into eight brigades, the strength of which was equalised as far as possible.

Five of these brigades were allotted to the attacking, and three to the defending force. Major-General the Hon. Sir J. Y. Scarlett, K.C.B., led the attack, and to Major-General Lord E. Paulet, C.B., was intrusted the task of keeping possession, with an inferior army, of the plateau in front of the Grand Stand. The firing began in rear of the furthest line of butts, where the enemy was concealed from sight by the sudden dip of the ground. The 7th and 23rd Surrey, thrown out on the enemy's part as skirmishers, were quickly answered by one of the Middlesex regiments detached to keep them in check till Lord Radstock's red and slate coloured battalions could be brought to the front. A long line, embracing the bearskins of the Hon. Artillery Company, the green balls of the London Irish, and the sombre plumes of the London Brigade, soon made its appearance behind the enemy's skirmishers and compelled the defensive force to retire on the main body. They were driven first behind one range of butts, and then beyond the others, where a stand was made, and the artillery on each side began to mingle its deeper tones with the general clatter of musketry. One saw at a glance the force of the argument which military men are so fond of employing, that weapons of precision are not necessarily weapons of war. There was so little wind that the smoke from the cannon was hardly lifted, but came drifting down between the lines and thickening the vapour caused by fire-firing after the skirmishers had been called in. Now half a company, and now only a shako and half a dozen buttons, were all that were visible to marksmen as the ramrods went clicking and scraping in and out of barrels and the steel tips glittered now and then above the smoke. Objects changed with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope before a loaded rifle could be lifted to the shoulder. Little by little, the defenders were obliged to give ground. Lord Radstock's brigade retired under cover of the guns of the Horse Artillery, and when these were in turn withdrawn the enemy, seeing a vacant space, rushed on to occupy it. At this juncture the London Scottish were thrown rapidly forward, and their advance was one of the prettiest features in the day's proceedings. Some lofty ferns and thick furze bushes lay directly in their path, and the flank companies, which wear the kilt, passed through these as steadily as their comrades with the defensive armour of gaiters and knickerbockers. The movement was so well timed, and the men were so completely sheltered by the other regiments, whose line they were prolonging, that the enemy's skirmishers found themselves within less than the prescribed 100 yards of the London Scottish; and instead of occupying, as they thought, an undefended position, they were obliged to retreat with the utmost celerity. A long way in rear of the first line of the defenders the brigade of Colonel Brewster could be seen forming the reserve, and stretching across the plain in a line so beautifully "dressed" that it resembled a solid bar. The other portion of the attacking force, which had hitherto remained silent, now opened fire suddenly on the left flank of the defenders. The Inns of Court, with their usual promptitude, frayed out into a line of skirmishers to repel this new assault, and some heavy guns were brought into play to answer the artillery of the attacking force. The level, of course, was different, but for the moment it seemed as if the London Scottish were placed in the midst of a cross fire. A change of front became imperative, and the defenders' left was accordingly thrown back a quarter of a circle, which brought it to a point exactly at right angles with its former position. The main body still preserved its alignment as the old attacking force remained in its front. At a crisis such as this the galloping mania common to all staff officers rages. On Saturday the excitement was intensified by the presence and rivalry of a figure in the undress uniform of some mounted rifle regiment. The activity of this horseman had been conspicuous all the afternoon. At one period he was flying along the high road to the Putney station; ten minutes later he was off at full stretch towards Wimbledon. A party attempted to cross the ravine, and they met him bursting up the steep ascent with the force of a catapult. His tight-fitting black cap, rusty scabbard, and headlong speed gave him much the aspect of the wild huntsman of the legend; and the pace he set for the imitation of mounted officers was fearful to contemplate. The programme, which was as great a secret to the commanding officers of volunteers as to the public, was decidedly shortened, owing to the lateness of the hour. The defending force was driven back upon the Grand Stand much more rapidly than British troops ought to yield ground; and when it arrived sufficiently near for the purpose of a march past a general fraternisation ensued. There appeared, at first, to be some doubt whether the march past would be performed; and when, at eight o'clock, the Commander-in-Chief, with a brilliant Staff, took up his position at the saluting base, he was warmly applauded by the standholders and general body of spectators.

The ceremony of marching past was then gone through, the several corps being recognised as they passed, and cheered according to the degree of popularity they enjoy or the knowledge of the spectators as to what corps really were under review.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The presentation of the prizes to the winners at the Wimbledon meeting took place on Monday in the Crystal Palace. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge occupied the chair, and handed the prizes to the successful competitors, who passed across the stage at the foot of the Handel orchestra as their names were called by Lord Elcho.

Among the extra prizes was a Mont Storm rifle, and Lord Elcho, in introducing the winner, stated that this was given under peculiar conditions to military men especially. The contest for it had been one of the most interesting and important which had taken place at Wimbledon. A breech-loading rifle on Mr. Mont Storm's principle was placed in the hands of competitors, who were each allowed only two minutes to fire at the target, making as large a score as possible in that time. The winner, Ensign Starkie, of the Queen's (Westminster), fired eleven shots within the prescribed interval, and made 34 points—that is to say, an average of centres every shot, and one bull's-eye into the bargain. Ensign Deane, of the London Rifle Brigade, who gained the second prize, was only two points behind.

This rifle is fast becoming a favourite with marksmen, especially military men, who regard rapidity of firing as a feature of as great, if not greater, importance than even precision, particularly for warlike purposes.

Literature.

Romola. By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

One of the strangest things that ever startled magazine-readers was, surely, the appearance of a second Italian story of the times of Savonarola, directly after Mrs. Stowe had finished "Agnes of Sorrento," in the *Cornhill*. During its progress nearly everybody has found "Romola" dull—dull is the word which has invariably been used about it; and it now remains to be seen what will be said by the large numbers of people who will sit down to read it through connectedly. There is one point of view from which a book by George Eliot is not open to criticism; it is sure to be what it was intended to be—so great are the author's evident truthfulness of design and mastery of material.

The question, then, that one ventures to ask is whether the whole design may not have been a mistake. We are of opinion that the attempt to reproduce vividly to the general reader the life of Florence in the times of Savonarola by the massing together of detail on printed pages was sure to be a failure. "Romola" might, however, have been a drama. On the stage, these pictures of popular life, and bits of costume, and manners, and phraseology, which the imagination of even the willing reader is strained to reproduce from mere description or suggestion, would have been intelligible. "Ion" would have made a very dull novel, but it makes a very powerful play. On the other hand, it is impossible to conceive "Romola" as a drama, being accepted or represented, full as it is both of spectacle and situation. We must take it as it is, and leave it to find its proper public, which it will not be slow in doing. Before this notice is in print, a good many thousands of people will have come to the conclusion that, if they have before found "Romola" dull, it is because they have not done their own part in reading with an earnest imagination what has been written with such intensity and skill.

The key-note of "Romola" is to be found in the last passages of the "Proem":—"The little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own that life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice." The story contains two leading types of self-sacrifice. Romola, who holds by an inner law, growing outwards into life; and Savonarola, who holds by law imposed from without, moulding the conduct. The aims and ends of the two types are shown to be parallel, however they may appear to diverge. Savonarola is truly a martyr, most truly a martyr, even when he breaks down in conscious non-fulfilment of his own law. Romola is most truly sacrificing herself when, to Savonarola, she would have seemed to be choosing a life of wilful self-pleasing. Tito Melema, a supple, clever, handsome young Greek, is parted by shipwreck from his adoptive father, Baldassare, to whom he owes all that he is. He finds himself hungry and forlorn in Florence, uncertain what has got his father, but certain that he has in his possession his father's gems. He is indebted for his breakfast to the pretty peasant-girl Tessa, and to a barber for an introduction to the blind old scholar, Bardi. Bardi had a son, Dino, who has left him for the cloister, and he, the old man, is nourishing the delights and ambitions of a scholar, helped only by his beautiful daughter Romola. Tito becomes useful to him as a reader and amanuensis, and eventually falls in love, to the best of his shallow nature, with the girl. Bernardo, her godfather, does not quite like Tito; and Dino, her brother, in his last moments devotes her, so to speak, to self-sacrifice. He gives her a crucifix in the presence of Savonarola (who is there) and dies. Romola, however, is married. Tito, while the course of events has been preparing the way for this, has been leading a gaily-obliging sort of life, not being altogether a stranger to Tessa, the girl who had given him his first breakfast in Florence, and making himself agreeable all round.

It is Tito's leading idea to make things pleasant. This is not to be honestly done in days when party spirit runs high, as it did in Tito's days; nor is it to be done always when strong obligations are pressing upon a man from his past. Tito receives, through Dino, a message to the effect that his father, Baldassare, is in captivity, and that he expects to be rescued with his own gems, but chooses rather to make himself comfortable in Florence; and he, moreover, gets to be too generally useful among widely differing religious and political parties. Baldassare crosses his path, and claims him one day in public. Tito waves him off as an escaped madman. From that moment Baldassare vows his existence to revenge. Tito begins to wear chain-armor, and Romola to find the want of armour for her poor little heart. She does not know how wicked Tito is; but very soon the tide of alienation sets in, which is never to be arrested.

Thus far, we have Romola married to Tito, and Tito in danger from more than one direction; from Baldassare, who is pursuing his life, and from one or other of the Florentine factions, with whom his dealings are those of a treacherous impartiality which seeks nothing but its own ease and prosperity. Meanwhile, Bardi, Romola's father, dies, and leaves his books and antiquities to her and her husband, in trust to found with them a library that shall bear his name. Savonarola, wielding immense power with the people, is appearing more frequently upon the scene, his influence becoming entangled with every thread of the story. To Baldassare in particular his prophetic denunciations of the wicked furnish only a religious sanction for his vengeance, an illustration not at all remarkable of the ease with which vindictiveness and what is called religious feeling can work in the same groove. By-and-by it becomes necessary for Tito's safety that he should be able to leave Florence promptly, at the first note of danger. He sells Bardi's books, and stands disclosed to his wife "a treacherous man." Henceforward he is despised. Love is gone. It is not injury that has killed it, for injury may be forgiven; it is contempt. Soon, however, the stains of his treachery deepen and thicken, and Romola flies from him. It seems to her that a higher obligation than that of her marriage-vows has come upon her; and, indeed, their fulfilment has been made impossible. When Tito is telling her one day *who* is taken and in peril, she says, with cold surprise at the ways of Heaven, which allow the good to be caught in the net and the bad to go free, "And *you* are safe?" To which he answers, "You are certainly an amiable wife. Yes, I am safe." After this love is impossible; but the possibility of self-deny service remains, and to the existence of this possibility Romola is recalled by an appeal from Savonarola. She returns to Tito for a time; his easy, unsexing temper makes everyday life smooth, and perhaps she may be able to do some good thing for him, or for Florence, or for her friends. But she finds Savonarola has been setting her an impossible task. He has been preaching the sanctity of outward law; but what becomes of outward law if the inner law is not to be heeded, and heeded first? Was not the outward law itself an inner law before it became embodied? And life with Tito—whatever the conjunction "with" may mean—was, Romola found, the greatest wrong she could commit. Certainly, by the time we see the last of that young Greek, "in his loathsome beauty," he appears to be about as black a sheep as we ever read of, and all without meaning to be wicked. His treachery is a moving cause in the train of events which leads to the execution of Bernardo, Romola's godfather. And, worse even than that, Savonarola—in whom Romola had had a more solid trust than she had even had in Tito—will not lift the voice which he might lift if he chose to save Bernardo from dying. He knows that Bernardo does not deserve to die, but his "removal" would put one heart and brain out of the way of the "reforms" Savonarola had at heart; and the egotism of a "cause" is stronger in the reformer's mind than the natural sentiment of justice. And now Romola turns from him too with "passionate repugnance," and quits Florence finally and openly, after coming to a distinct understanding with Tito. That elastic person has, it seems, another wife all this time, a wife by a mock marriage, the pretty little Tessa, and by her he has two children, a son and a daughter. Tessa and Romola are before long both left widows; for the complicated game which Tito has been playing gets him at last into a street "row," and he has to swim for his life. The current of the river casts him on shore at the feet of

Baldassare, his adoptive father, with remains of life in his strong, young body. And Baldassare strangles out those remains.

Savonarola, meanwhile, has been in trouble. He has been guilty of great duplicity in allowing to be "got up" a public ordeal by fire, to which the Franciscans had challenged his party, the Dominicans—an ordeal which he knew would not be gone through with, and which was not gone through with. The end is that he is cast into prison, and racked; and that under the torture he breaks down more than once. Alas! what was this, but in another shape, the sin of Tito—preferring ease to duty? The very failure of Savonarola, however, leads to a revulsion of feeling in Romola, by which she recovers whatever faith in goodness she had lost; and she now endeavours to build a life of self-devoting service to others upon the wreck of all this joy and aspiration. In particular she seeks out Tessa and the children, and befriends them. In our last glimpse of Romola, she is teaching Tito's son, Lillo, a lesson of goodness that he would never have learned from his father.

We will not attempt in this place to analyze the teaching of Romola. We will not here discuss the question whether Romola embodies a higher ideal of truly self-sacrificing womanhood than the conventional wife-heroines who are like "a dog or a walnut-tree." We will only quote, by way of moral, the reflection which occurs to George Eliot, at what some people would think the least likely place for it. If anything in this world was ever just, surely it was just that Tito should meet the death he did meet. But George Eliot closes the chapter which records his murder with these words:—"Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, 'It is there?' Justice is like the Kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning."

Undoubtedly, then, this story carries an unusual burden of grave and pathetic interest, and may, in a way, be called "dull." We only hope that our outline may not be read by a single person who will not also read the book itself. Whoever sits down to it in earnest will easily pardon one thing in the book in which we think the design of the author is not carried out. We are of opinion that the colouring, as to time, and place, and circumstance, lies too much in blocks in and about the story, instead of being diffused and worked into its fabric all over. If "Romola" was to be a story, instead of a dramatic poem or an acting drama, it should (we venture to say) have been written in the manner of the time, like "Edmond." And very easy work, too! But, after all, who shall venture to come between an author and an author's precise conception? supposing the author to be of the quality of the author of "Romola." We confess we have ourselves little heart for any such criticism after reading this solemnly magnificent book; or, indeed, for criticism at all. If anybody is disposed to question whether wives in real life are often placed in such a position as Romola, let him turn to the records of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's court, in which, within the last few days, a husband, whom his wife rightly or wrongly looks at much as Romola looked at Tito, has been the unsuccessful defendant in a suit for "restitution of conjugal rights." Or, let him consider the case of the present Queen of Naples; or of an American authoress, who has lately published a book about the South; and then let him read Dr. Daseant's introduction to "Burnt Njal," for an account of what was the law and the custom among races whose continence and firmness of character have been vaunted as models from Tacitus downward, and on possessing a large share of whose blood and spirit Englishmen justly pride themselves. Or, by-the-by, he will find the law and custom of these races stated with much greater detail than by Dr. Daseant, in an article in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES of the 21st of March of the present year. Whatever may be the decisions of the wise and good upon such difficult questions as those which are raised by "Romola," it is right that people should know, in comparing different views, which is the native and which is the foreign article. The reasons upon which Romola founded her conduct would, by a great many people, be called a French importation, and pronounced inconsistent with public or private virtue. The fact is that they are native to the race from which, more or less, our new Princess has come to us; and that they have been found consistent, in practice, with at least as much virtue as can be claimed for modern England.

Recollections and Anecdotes: being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. By Captain R. H. GRONOW, formerly of the Grenadier Guards and M.P. for Stafford. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Captain Gronow's Second Series of Reminiscences would have been far more acceptable than it is if we had not already had the first. Younger brothers are well known to be blessed with better brains than their seniors—a providential arrangement which not infrequently keeps them from starvation. But with books of the reminiscence kind the case is quite different. The first volume thoroughly takes off the cream, and skim milk is but dull work for the anecdotal thirsty soul. Or, venturing on a kindred simile, it might be said that such a work is like the "remainder biscuit after a voyage"—far too dry for any save the toughest specimens of average humanity. Putting this and that together, therefore, it would be an easy matter to predicate Captain Gronow's new volume to be a crazy collection of pointless anecdotes of persons for whom nobody cares a rush, touched off with an old man's garrulity and conceit. But, fortunately for writer and reader, such is not the case; the fact being that the first book was so remarkably good that something a trifle inferior to it cannot fail to be most welcome, and that it stands a chance of being flung into the shade only by its predecessor.

The volume begins with Waterloo, and carries us up to something like modern life and manners. Of Waterloo Captain Gronow gives a hasty sketch, generally from his own experience, or what he at the time knew to be authentic. As a matter of history it is probably unimportant; but the anecdotes of individual incidents are frequently full of pathetic beauty, or of unaccountable caprice and fun. The Captain admits to feeling much patriotic pride in recalling the events of Waterloo, "that battle of giants which decided the fate of the world." (For how long? might we ask.) He laughs at the Frenchmen who cling to the comic idea that they won the battle, or lost it only by a "fluke" after it had been won. He cannot understand how French writers imagine that they lessen the humiliation of defeat by crying down the fame and prowess of the English; or why they should make ridiculous efforts to prove that the English ought to have been beaten. Thiers's story of Waterloo is a romance, not a history; his Napoleon a pure ideal; his French Generals brave blunders; Wellington a second-rate chief; the English soldiers stolid logs, who were quite indifferent to being shot. Thiers, too, makes the mistake of speaking of the total annihilation of certain English battalions, and of reproducing them untouched a page or two on. Captain Gronow, however, is full of praise for the French officers, and "never saw anything to equal our Peninsular regiments for stubborn endurance, dash, pluck, intelligence, and skill in manoeuvring." That sounds far more like the truth.

With such Waterloo details as are here given it would be imprudence to attempt to interfere. A page or two of more general matter will be safer, and equally refreshing. In questions of society the Captain, it must be confessed, moralises with a certain gloomy prolixity which requires all his efforts at anecdote to relieve. But the anecdote does come. Wading, for instance, through some dismal pages of neither literature nor life, we come upon the following pretty bit of manners:—

In London in bygone days a worldly man or woman would, without scruple, cut their father or mother did they not belong to the particular set which they considered good society. Mr S— was once riding in the Park many years ago with the Marquis of C—, then one of the kings of the fashionable world, and some other dandies of that day, when they met a respectable-looking elderly man, who nodded somewhat familiarly to S—. "Who's your friend?" drawled Lord C—. "That?" replied S—. "Oh, a very good sort of a fellow, one of my Cheshire farmers." It was his own father; a most amiable and excellent man, and who had better blood in his veins, and a larger fortune, than any of the Lordlings by whom his unworthy son was surrounded.

Not the least curious *mode* of the day was the great intimacy of big people with their tradespeople or inferiors. There seems to have been a considerable amount of buffoonery and bad taste on the

THE TOURNAMENT AT CREMORNE.

In our last week's Number (page 42) we published a description of the tournament which has been got up at Cremorne, and is attracting large crowds to that place of amusement. We now give an engraving illustrative of the parent, and refer our readers to the article in question for details of the style in which the spectacle is produced.

LITTLE MOUSEY.

(Written by a Young Lady who is very much shocked.)

Shocked! Yes, indeed, and with reason too. Here is a picture called "Little Mousey"—a very rude title for a picture, I am sure. I never saw such a libel on our sex in all my life. There is a lady some may think

pretty sitting on a couch. She is really called "Little Mousey" by those who admire her; but what has that to do with it I should like to know. It is too absurd to suppose that she would ever nibble away at a *Dutch cheese*; yet there she is, although there she is *not* for her skirts fly off in a wild sort of fashion and change into a cheese, the upper half becoming a poor little mouse, and her fan a table-knife. Now, Hurley or no Hurley; Darwin or no Darwin—in the first place, crinolines *never* can be Dutch cheese, *Dutch*, or otherwise, to nibble at. Now, whether or no ladies are on the look out for the *provisions* and comforts of a good home, I can't say.

Perhaps the mad person who has drawn this *horrid picture* has some notion that young ladies in crinoline, under pretence of looking out for a husband, are really seeking after a mere means of living—a quiet little cheese, *Dutch*, or otherwise, to nibble at. Now, whether or no ladies are on the look out for the *provisions* and comforts of a good home, I can't say.

Cupboard love may be better than no love at all; but if crinoline can make a cheese, it might have gone further and changed into a bunnet-box while it was about it, for "Little Mousey" is just as likely to be attracted by the milliner's box as by the market basket. Anyhow, the picture is a disgraceful reflection on our sex, and at once declares its author as a *crusading tactician*.

SKETCHES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

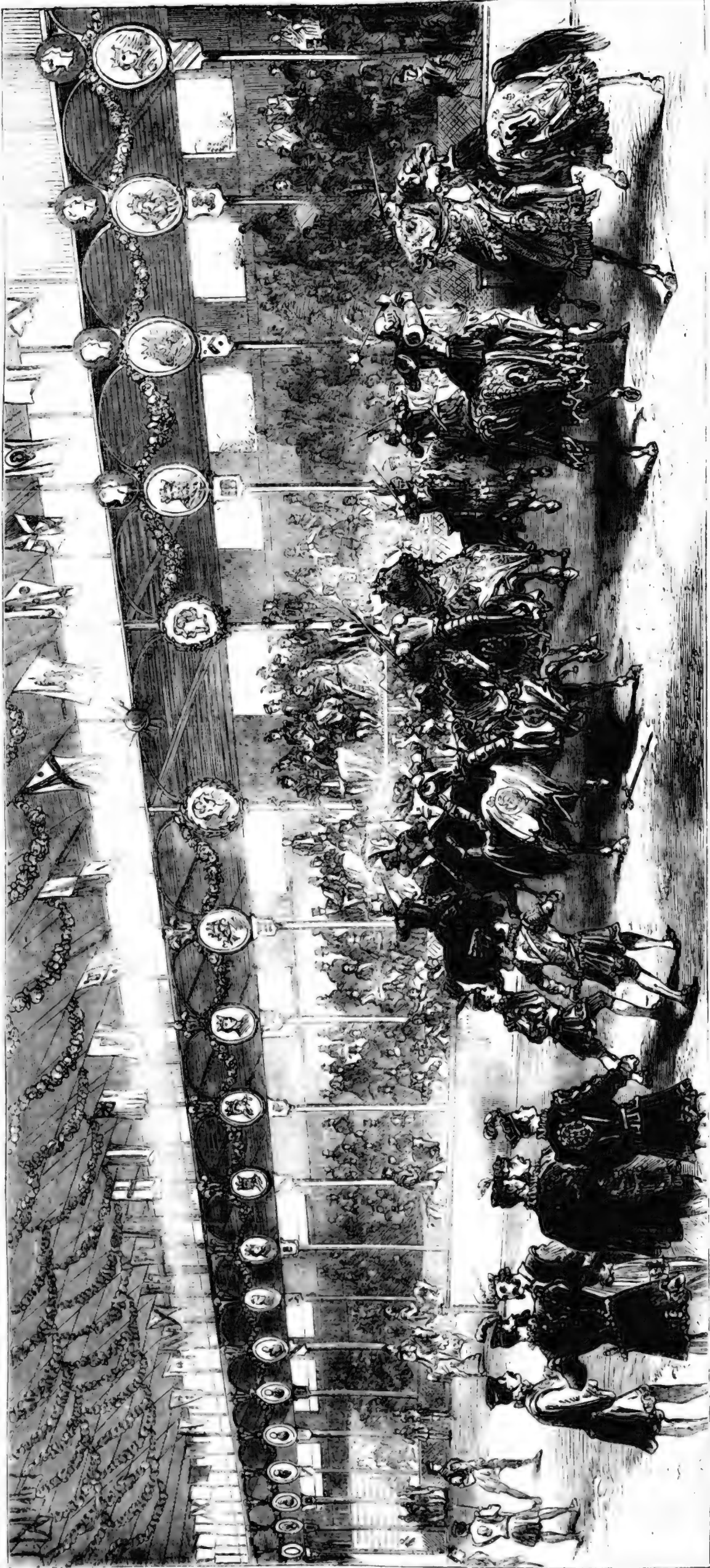
ARRETTON CHURCH

ARRETTON is one of the pleasantest villages, not in the Isle of Wight alone, but in England, and is just the village to which an Englishman might with pride direct the attention of a foreigner. All that we are accustomed to associate with English villages is there—fine venerable

trees, broad and fertile cornfields, quiet lanes wealthy in bloom and blossom, well-kept highways, a small rustic inn, quaint cottages with narrow casements, and an ancient church.

It lies at the foot of Arretton Down, upon the high road from Newport. In the centre of a fertile district exclusively inhabited by an agricultural population. A quieter, prettier village one would never wish to see. The church is a picturesque edifice, with a quaint porch and two towers. The interior is somewhat interesting; its columns are graceful, and its memorials venerable. Amongst those especially notable is a monumental brass representing a knight in armour, his hands folded, and his feet resting upon a lion, now almost obliterated. The inscription is curious as one of the earliest English monumental legends in existence—

Longe tyme Steward of ye yle of Wyght,
Here is y boryed, under this grave,
Harry Hawles; his soule God save.



THE TOURNAMENT AT CREMORNE.—THE MELÉE.

Some verses wrought upon a plate affixed to a pillar in the south aisle will probably amuse our readers:—

Leo lere, undyr this tombe incouche,
Is William Seale by name;
For yearly relief to the Poore—
Deserveth worthy fame.
A man within this parish borne,
And in the house call'd Stone;
A glass for to behold a work
Hath left to every one.
For that unto the people poor
Of Arretton he gave,
An hundred poundes in reliee coynes,
He will'd that they should have.

There is also an admirable sculpture by Westminster, and a stately monument by a native artist, as well as scutcheon, tablets, and other memorials of the dead of a bygone age.

The churchyard is even richer than English churchyards are in general in quaint epitaphs and doggerel rhymes. Here are two or three specimens which cannot fail to interest the reader, as they will excite his regret that our churchyard literature has never been wisely superintended by the pastors of the church. Surely a gravestone might be made to convey a striking moral, or a pithy appeal to the better feelings of the observer, instead of starting him to laughter or arousing his disgust:—

Death is worst certain you may see,
In perfect health to me 'twas sent;
By Accident most violent.

My parent Dear Grieve not for me,
I hope in Heaven you both to see;

A third:—

While on the Earth I did remain
My later days was Grief and pain;
Here is a *jeu de mot* on a bellringer or watchmaker:—
Skill'd in the Mystery of the pleasing Peal,
Time to oft truly beat, at length o'ercame,
Which few can know, and fewer still
Reveal:
Whether with little Bells or Bell sublime,
Name.

We present with greater pleasure the epitaph written by Mr. Leigh Richmond on Elizabeth Walbridge, the heroine of the popular religious narrative of "The Dairyman's Daughter":—

Stranger! if'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessing to the poor
Gave Her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of His boundless love:
Fath, that dispell'd Affliction's darkest gloom;
We may sum up briefly the historical associations of Arretton. Its church was one of the six given by William Fitz-Osbert to the Abbey of

Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb;
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy; that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear.
But tasted Heaven, e'en while she linger'd here.
O happy saint! may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.

Lire, in Normandy, though the present edifice cannot lay claim to so remote an antiquity. On St. George's Down, in this parish, there was formerly a bowling-green, where, in the days of James I., the Governor and principal gentlemen of the island assembled twice a week to play at the then fashionable game of "bowls."

At East Standen, near Arreton, died Lady Cicely, daughter of Edward IV., the only English Princess, we fancy, who ever married "a man of low degree."

On Arreton Down are several conspicuous tumuli, or barrows—the last resting-places of our Saxon forefathers, which, upon examination, have yielded precious relics to the inquisitive archaeologist. The view from the down is very lovely. A fertile valley lies beneath it, through which a glistening stream winds like a line of silver light; while beyond may be discerned a noble range of hills, terminating with a bold sweep in the ocean, whose gleaming waters stretch far away into the distance. All the usual features of a pleasant English landscape invite the spectator's admiring gaze: grey church towers, clumps of wide-spreading trees, scattered farmsteads, an ancient manor-house or two, and quiet villages resting in leafy nooks, or winding up the green sides of the hills. A morning spent upon Arreton Down is not easily to be forgotten.

CHALE CHURCH.

Almost in the centre of a bleak and desolate plain, partly bounded by lofty hills equally bleak and desolate, and at so short a distance from the dangerous and difficult sea-coast that the wind is constantly bringing up with it into its very aisles the dull, dead sound of the angry waters, stands Chale Church, the most forlorn and sad of village churches in the Isle of Wight, and a not inappropriate sanctuary for a seafaring population. There is about it none of the fresh greenery of leaves; even in its graveyard the vegetation is stunted and unwholesome; and its architecture has something of a cold and repulsive character which forcibly impresses the mind of the spectator. His feelings are still further excited by the contemplation of the numerous gravestones recording deaths by shipwreck upon the neighbouring coast—a coast which is one of the most dangerous in England. Not a winter passes without several disasters, resulting in loss of treasure and precious lives; and, when the sea "gives up its dead," it is in Chale churchyard that the bones of the lost find a last resting-place.

Chale Church was built by William de Vernun, about 1113, and is a good-sized and good-looking one, with a picturesque embattled tower, and a body and chancel of singular simplicity. Four Gothic, or rather Roman, arches divide the south aisle, which terminates in a small chapel, adorned by a handsome monument to "Lieut. General Sir Henry Worsley," an Indian soldier, who distinguished himself at Lasswarrie. There is nothing else worthy of notice in or about the church.

The parish of Chale contains nearly 700 acres, and is chiefly level ground, half cultivated and half waste land. The village straggles

along the road in a picturesque manner, and boasts of a neat schoolhouse, a pretty parsonage, and a fine old manor-house, with some traces of ecclesiastical architecture, called Chale Abbey Farm. In the neighbourhood are certain points of interest to which we may briefly direct the reader's attention. Chief of these is Blackgang Chine, half a mile distant, one of the most notorious show-places in the Isle of Wight, and a spot equally worthy of notice by artist and geologist. We find a graphic

which forms the Undercliff, winds the high road to Ventnor, presenting at every turn a wonderful succession of delightful prospects. Westward stretches the road to the pleasant villages of Brighthorne, Mottistone, and Brook; and inland penetrate the highways which lead, through many agreeable country scenes and a delightful alternation of hill and dale, woodland and lea, to Newport, the capital of the island, and Ryde, its principal fashionable resort.

description of it in one of Murray's contributions to topographical literature:—"Blackgang Chine is a deep fissure penetrating into the cliffs under St. Catherine's Hill, with a slender waterfall at the back about 80 ft. high. The so-called cascade falls over a thin bed of ironstone grit; the chasm itself is of dark clay alternating with ferruginous sand and grit. Above the cascade towers the majestic escarpment of St. Catherine's Hill (769 ft.). The broken cliffs at the side of the Chine are in some places 400 feet high. The whole scene is wild and barren, with scarcely a trace of vegetation; and, viewed from the seashore at low water, especially after the cascade has been swollen by heavy rains, is not a little striking. 'During a gale from the S.W. a magnificent line of breakers is continually lifting and tumbling itself on the strand; waves of a far larger size and grander motion than are to be seen on any other part of the English coast. The reasons for this are the depth of water, the rapidity of the tide, the projection of the land, and its exposure to the south. The waves advance unbroken to the very margin, on which they are precipitated with a stunning noise, and rebound into the air to a height of forty or fifty feet. The tourist will remark the reverberation of the sea in the concave chasm of the Chine.'"

Overlooking this remarkable ravine is the lofty hill already spoken of as dedicated to St. Catherine, from whose summit a magnificent panorama of land views and sea views, of rolling waters and smiling meadows, of foaming breakers and quiet inland villages, may be commanded. On the hill itself are the ruins, in excellent preservation, of an octagon tower, founded for the purposes of a lighthouse and a chantry, by one Walter De Godtton, who assigned an endowment for the support of a hermit, who was to sing mass and keep a light burning in tempestuous weather that the seamen might be warned from so inhospitable a coast. Some sixty years ago the Government ordered the repair of this mediæval lighthouse; but it was soon found to be of comparative utility, from the thick mists which constantly enveloped it. About 1840, therefore, the Trinity Board erected a new and elegant lighthouse on St. Catherine's Point, a headland at no great distance from Blackgang Chine, which has been found of immense service to the vessels which navigate the stormy Channel.

We need only add that, eastward from these points, along cliff and crag, at the foot of the steep wall of rocks



No. 11.—LITTLE MOUSEY.—(DRAWN BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.)



ARRETON CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.



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